

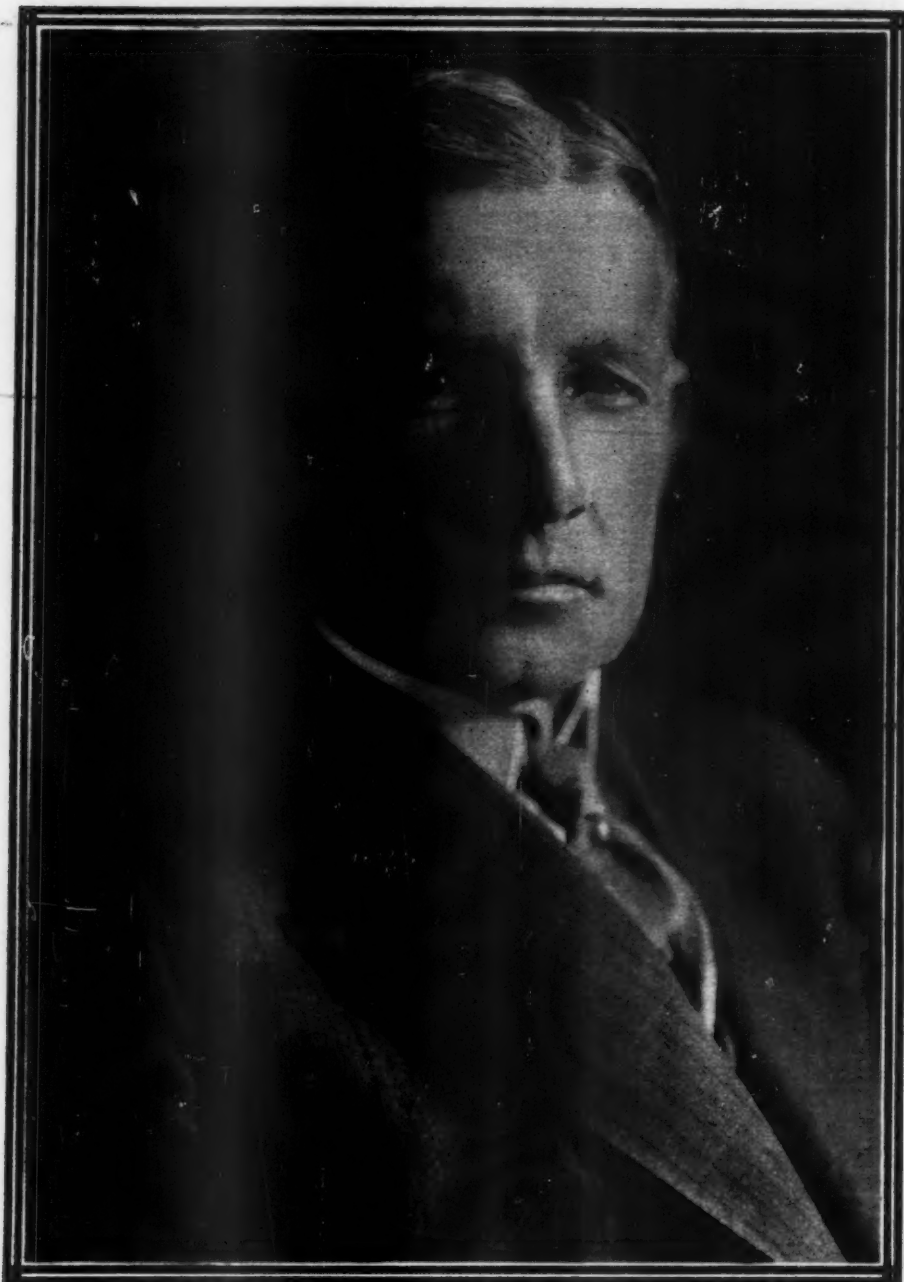
# CURRENT OPINION



© Kadel & Herbert

WHERE THE SIXTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS IS MAKING POLITICAL MOTIONS

This unusual photograph of the Capitol at night confirms the rumor that Washington is anything but "dry."



© Harris & Ewing

**HIS VOICE WILL COMMAND A HEARING ON THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION**  
General Charles G. Dawes, former Director of the Budget, has tackled "a man's-size job" in helping determine Germany's ability to pay her debts.



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**ON HIS WORK MAY DEPEND EUROPEAN RECOVERY OR CHAOS**

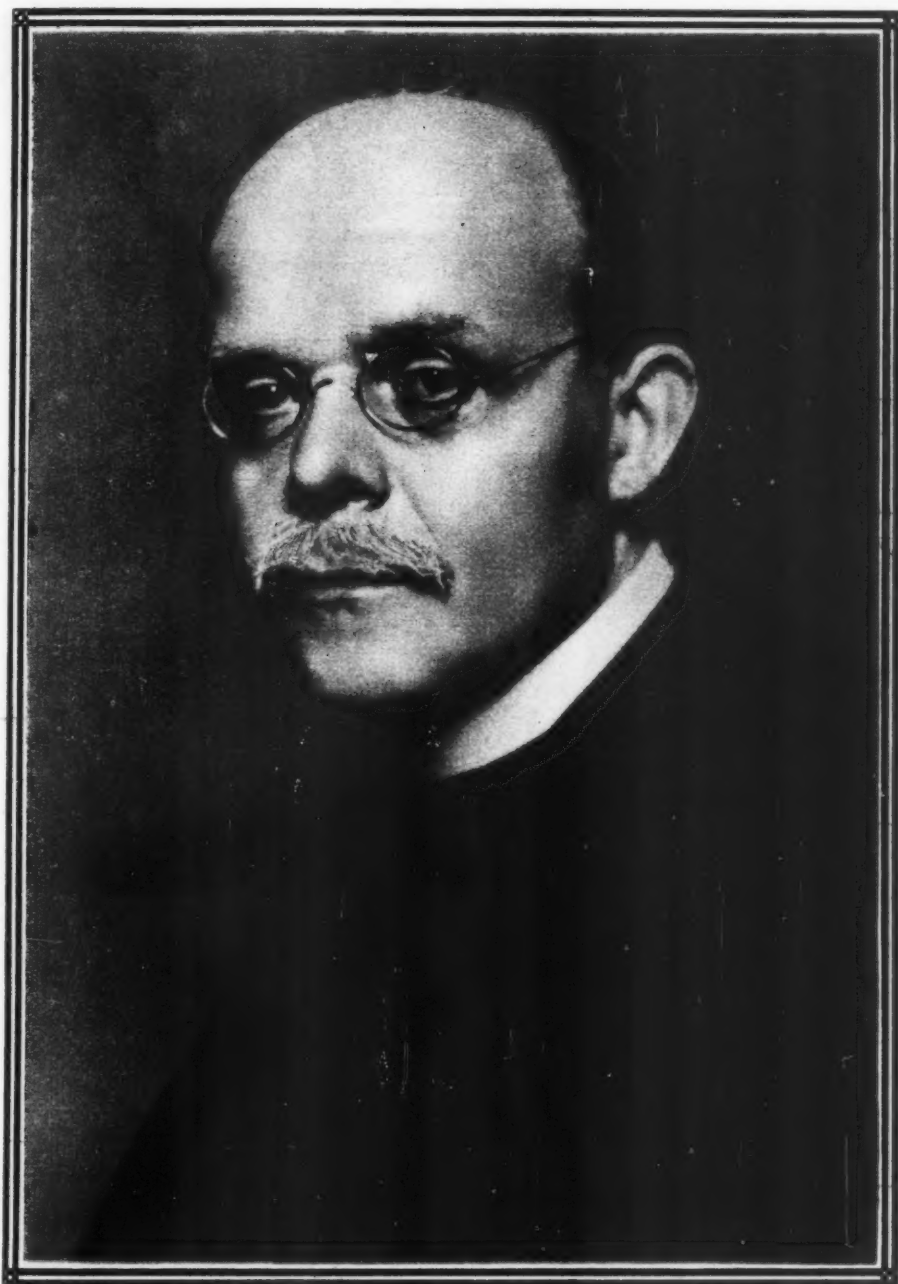
Having made the General Electric Company perform successfully, Owen D. Young will aid General Dawes in trying to make Germany do likewise.



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**UNCLE SAM HAS DEALT THIS MEXICAN REBEL A CRUSHING BLOW**  
Adolfo de la Huerta, seeking to overthrow the Obregon Government, protests against the U. S. A. supplying his enemy south of the Rio Grande with war material.

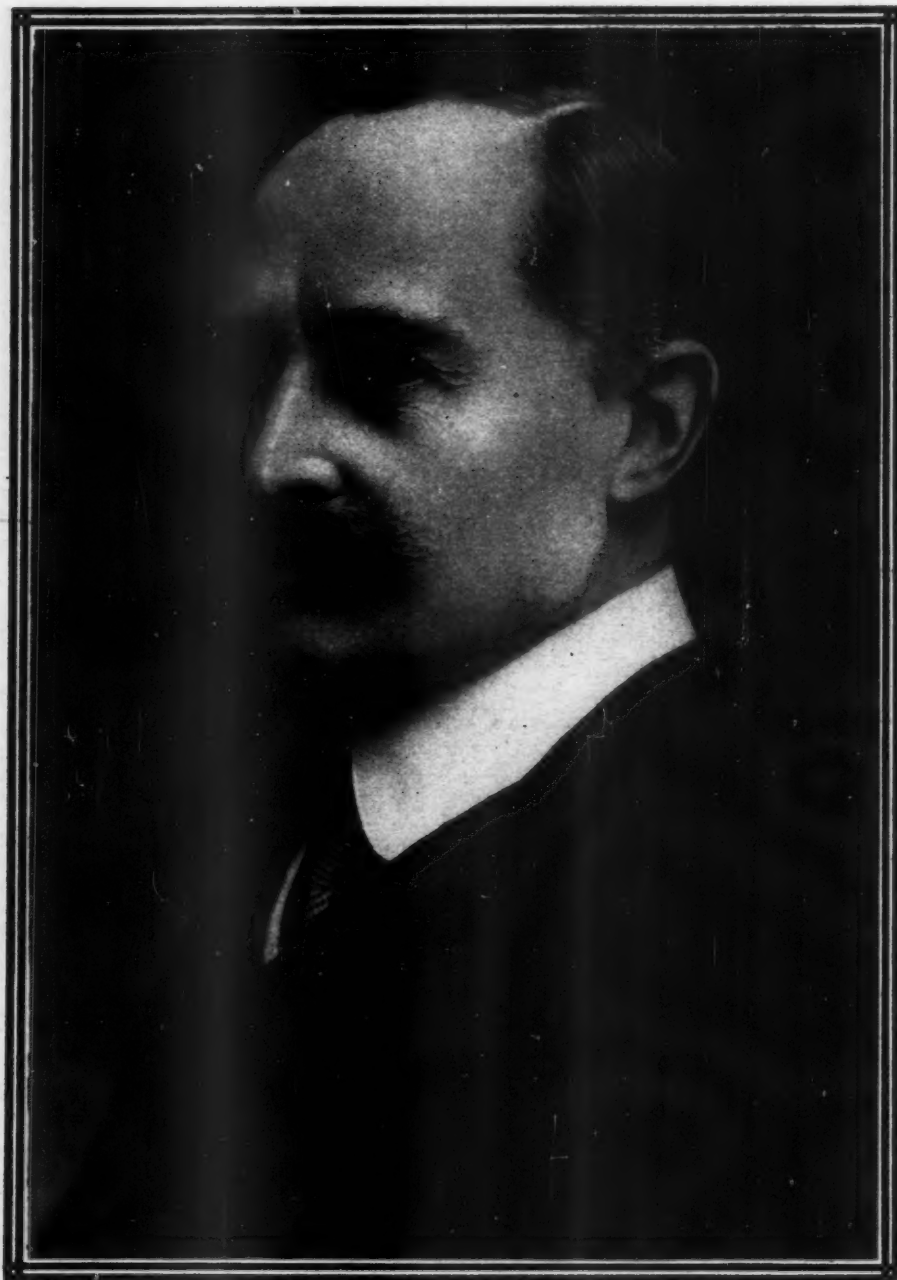




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**GERMANY HAS YET ANOTHER CHANCELLOR**

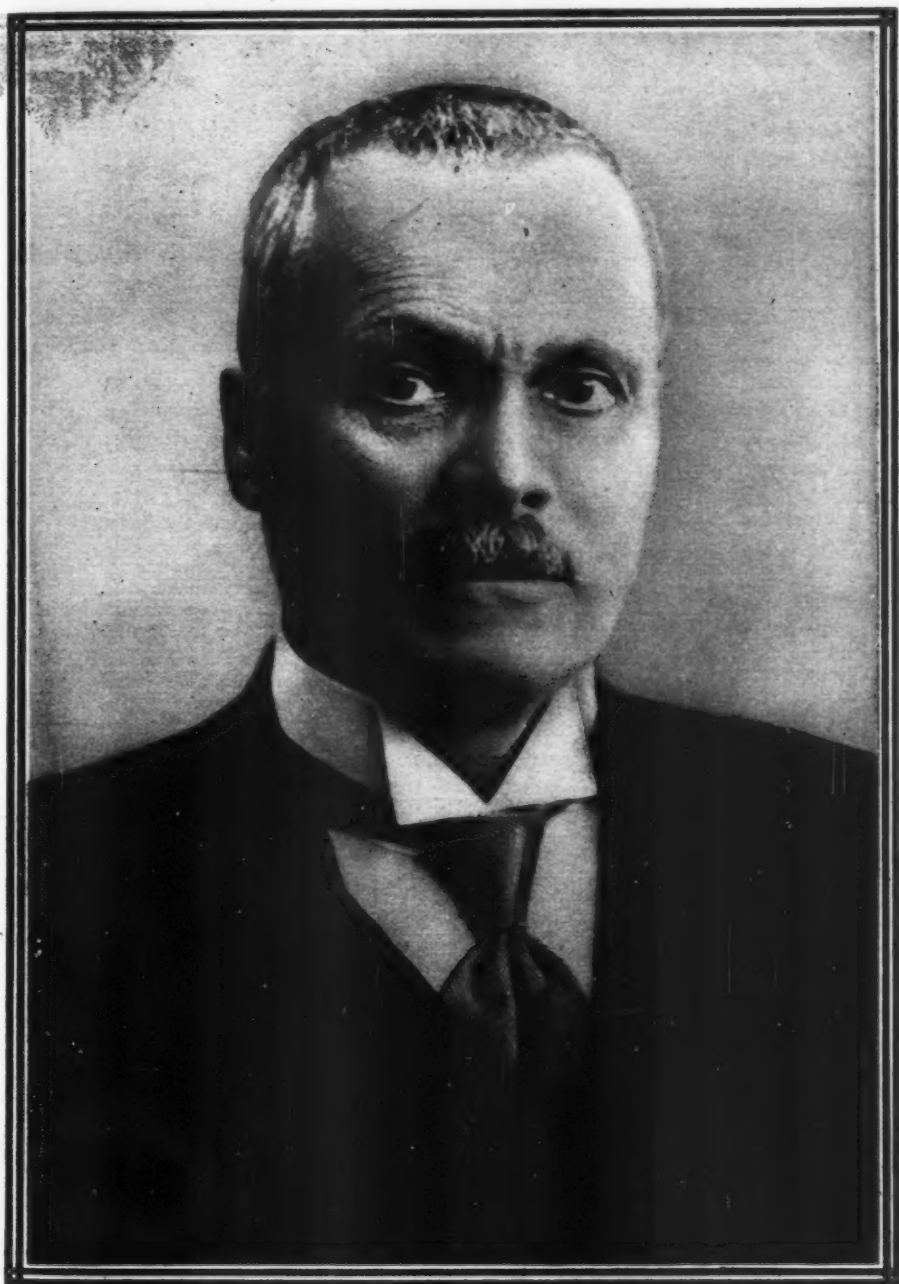
Dr. Wilhelm Marx, Center or Catholic Party leader, succeeding Stresemann, is a Cologne lawyer who is having a "sweet time of it" in Berlin.



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**BRITAIN SENDS A "MAN OF VISION" TO WASHINGTON**

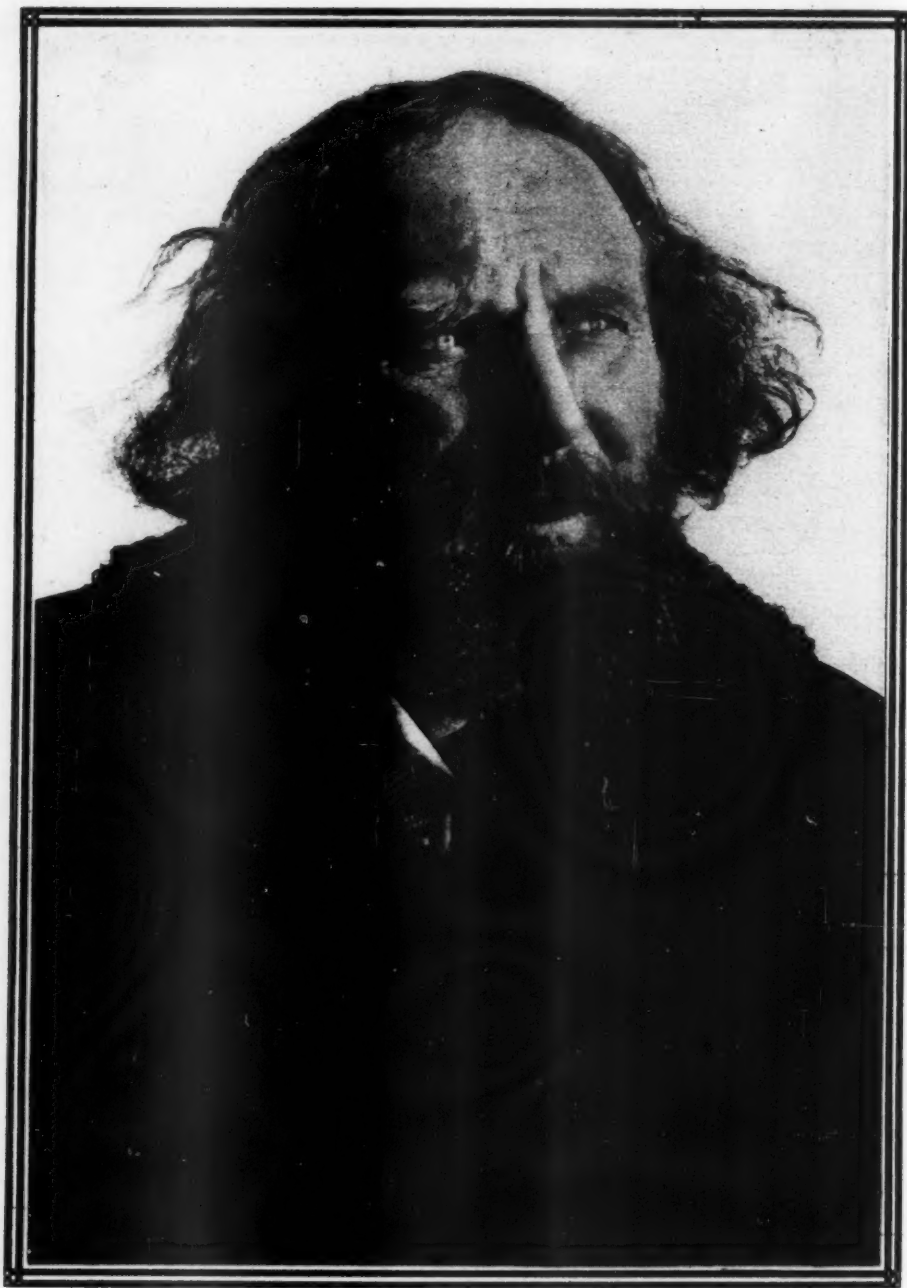
Sir Eame Howard is transferred from Madrid to replace Sir Auckland Geddes whose poor eyesight made it necessary for him to retire.



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**SWITZERLAND HAS A NEW AND VERSATILE PRESIDENT**

Dr. Ernest Chuard, automatically rising from the Vice-Presidency, has been a college professor, newspaper publisher, soldier and cabinet officer, of the Helvetian Confederation.



© Wide World

**HE WORSHIPS THE "BIGNESS OF THE AMERICAN HEART"**

Anton Lang, the Christus of the Oberammergau Plays, now touring the States, is "over-powered by the magnificent scale on which things are done over here."

# THE CURRENT OF OPINION

## Keeping Cool With Coolidge

**I**N the Congressional kitchen the pot is boiling furiously. Fagots of bills and resolutions and protests are being heaped upon the fire, where they give off some smoke of verbiage and some sparks of wit, but more partisan flicker and flame than steady heat of conscientious purpose.

Meanwhile, in the comment of certain important sections of the press, a picture is conjured up of the country turning its back upon Congress, leaving them to stew in their own broth, and coming out upon the veranda to keep cool with Coolidge.

What else can they do? is the thought. The dinner has been ordered. In his recent message Mr. Coolidge called for a real feast. The cooks have had detailed instructions as to the *pièce de résistance*, the roast turkey, so to say, of reduced taxes. Now there is nothing to do but wait and rock in the piazza chairs.

Nothing to do, that is, except find a paddle to lend to the neighbor on our right who has been out in his front yard trying to quell the stone-throwing spirit of some of his offspring. And when that palls we can always go across the mill-pond to the family on our left and have a profitable discussion of the uselessness of people quarreling who must continue to live in the same house.

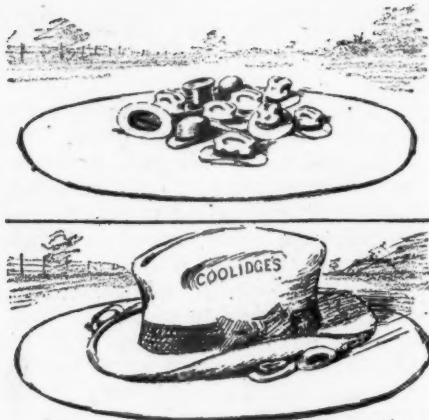
Naturally it has subtracted nothing from the Coolidge comfort to have Henry Ford congratulate the country upon a "safe and sane" administration and to endorse Calvin Coolidge for the Presidential nomination.

His only rival in Republican ranks, to remain in the foreground,

is Hiram Johnson. Press reports to date do not reflect any great campaign progress on his part, however, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that his veiled suggestion of a secret deal with respect to Muscle Shoals sweetening Henry Ford toward the Coolidge administration was in questionable taste.

"For Hiram Johnson and his White House hopes," says, for instance, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* editorially, "the news is not good. . . . Senator Johnson got away to a poor start. His announcement speech at Chicago made but faint ripples on the political pond. When he sounded his call the remnants of the 'Bull Moose' herds of 1912 and 1916 gave back few answering bellows." The trouble, according to papers that, like the *Public Ledger*, strongly inclined to support the administration, is that Johnson has been trying to compromise satisfactorily between the progressives and the conservatives. He is for tax reduction *and* the bonus. "The Californian is at his splendid best only when he is storming the barricades, only when using his very great powers of denunciation and only when he is standing up on his two feet and smashing out straight from the shoulder. . . . Hiram Johnson was not born to move with caution and speak softly. . . . As a compromiser a good two-handed fighter is being wasted."

While Mr. Coolidge therefore has an almost "unrivaled" chance for the Republican nomination his pre-eminence appears to be matched by that of William Gibbs McAdoo on the Democratic side. Of all the names which have been mentioned McAdoo's only continues to appear prominently. He alone seems to have a perfected organization to push his campaign.



ONE MORE DOES MAKE A LOT OF HAT  
IN THE RING  
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

But his preliminary announcements have not had what actors call a "good press." Even among the Democratic newspapers there has been evidenced an uneasiness with respect to his policies and power to pull votes. For one thing, he is pledged for a bonus. For another thing, he does not feature the League of Nations. His foreign policy is



THE THRILLER  
—Sykes in Los Angeles Times.

quoted as "peace by cooperation, conference in place of armament, justice in place of force, and law in place of war." Those fine sentiments are thought to be designed to attract by subtle hints the out-and-out League of Nations Democrat, without repelling that other wing of the Democratic party which remembers 1920's disastrous election and shudders at the revival of the League issue. To date it can hardly be said that the current of popular opinion has set strongly in Mr. McAdoo's favor, though his candidacy is widely welcomed as that of the likeliest man visible at the moment.

To return to President Coolidge, though his star shows no evidence of waning, this condition of affairs may be only transient. Just now the farmers of the great Mississippi Valley are thinking of him as more or less one of them, early-rising, hard-working, frugal of words. But Congress, to quote the *Chicago Evening Post*, "is likely to throw some difficulties in the way of the President which cannot be overcome by a mere demonstration of silent industry." If, for example, the World Court is sidetracked, the President will have to lock horns with Hiram Johnson, or see that policy, which was Harding's and Hughes's before him, ignominiously scrapped. He would lose prestige by that, but he would lose even more prestige if Congress should get out of hand in the bonus-versus-tax-reduction matter. In the region of this "paramount" issue all may go well, but there are sounds betokening breakers ahead.

The President may, furthermore, have raised a first-class issue against himself by his decision to help the recognized Mexican authorities with a half-cash, half-credit shipment of guns and ammunition against the would-be government of that riot-ridden country. According to their view-point many fear—or hope—



that this loan of arms will pave the way for a loan of troops, and lead, eventually, to the stationing of American garrisons here and there throughout Mexico, as in some measure has been done throughout Central America. Hopes and fears upon this point are about evenly divided. Perhaps it is safest to say that as yet America has not made up its mind whether or not it wants to extend the Platt Amendment from Cuba to Mexico, and whether or not it wants to undertake responsibility for maintaining order in Mexico at the cost of Latin America's united ill-will. We can do it, and it would perhaps be worth while, at least in a business sense, but it would be expensive and would lay us open to the charge of imperialism.

□ □

## Garner Out-Mellons Mellon

AS soon as Congress had reassembled after the Christmas holidays the Democratic minority, which had been considering Secretary Mellon's tax proposals, published its "improvements" upon his plan. The Democratic whip, Representative Garner, of Texas, ranking member for his party on the Ways and Means Committee, made himself spokesman for the substitute tax measure, and issued a prepared statement expounding its good points somewhat as follows:

Whereas Mr. Mellon left the present exemptions untouched, Mr. Garner's group would raise the exemption for single men from \$1,000 to \$2,000, and the exemption for married men and heads of families from \$2,000 to \$3,000.

Whereas Mr. Mellon proposed cutting the normal tax from 4 per cent. to 3, and 8 per cent. to 6, Mr. Garner would reduce the 4 per cent. under \$5,000 to 2 per cent., the 8



"HITTING BACK"

—Sykes in New York Evening Post.

per cent. on \$5,000 to \$10,000 to 4 per cent., and the 8 per cent. on everything over \$10,000 to 6 per cent.

Whereas Mr. Mellon proposed a 25 per cent. reduction for earned incomes as against unearned incomes, Mr. Garner would make it 33⅓ per cent., and furthermore, would extend the earned income provision so as to include a number of classes excluded by Mr. Mellon, namely,



MELLON-CHOLY DAYS

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



ON THE FENCE

—Cassel in New York Evening World.

farmers, small merchants and tradesmen who personally work at their respective trades and businesses.

When he comes to the surtaxes, Mr. Garner is most radical in his departure from Mr. Mellon's scheme, which, on the whole, he and his group commend highly, especially for its administrative reforms. The Democratic minority is not in favor of cutting the surtaxes in half, and proposes a compromise reduction from 50 per cent. to 44 per cent.

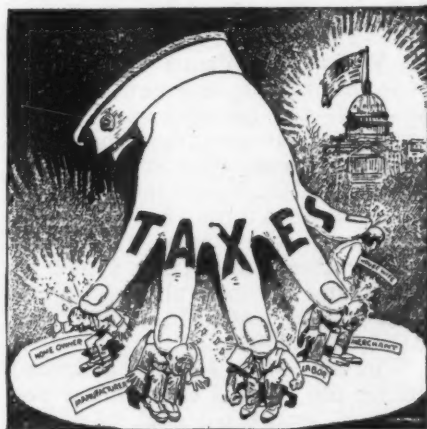
A bird's-eye view of present taxes, the Mellon plan, and the Democratic substitute, is furnished by this table, taken from the New York Times:

Personal Income	Present Taxes	Mellon Taxes	Garner Taxes
\$5,000	\$100	\$75	\$40
10,000	520	360	240
20,000	1,720	1,260	1,040
30,000	3,520	2,660	2,340
40,000	5,840	4,540	4,140
50,000	8,640	6,680	6,440
60,000	11,940	8,980	9,240
70,000	15,740	11,640	12,750
80,000	20,040	14,080	16,850
90,000	24,840	16,880	21,450
100,000	30,140	19,940	26,430
200,000	86,640	52,740	76,430

The chief fault Mr. Garner has to find with the Mellon program is

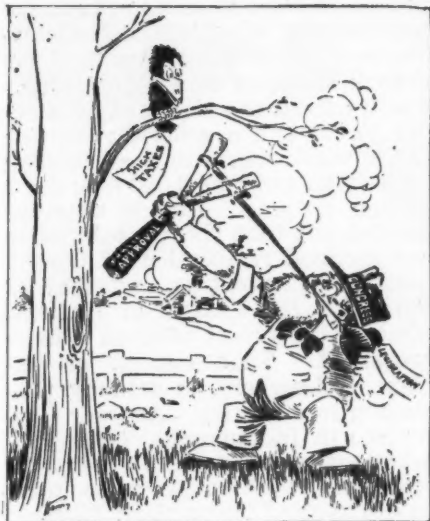
that it is too good to the large income taxpayer, and not good enough to the small one. He seems to feel that the millions of small taxes levied do not pay the enormous cost of collection, and that the Mellon plan offers "substantial relief only to 525,000 individual income taxpayers." Congress, he thinks, could remit not part but *all* of the taxes now paid by the 6,136,000 people whose incomes are less than \$5,000, and yet nevertheless the remaining 525,000 would be the chief beneficiaries by Mr. Mellon's cuts in surtaxes. The pith and marrow of the Mellon plan, he insists, is the reduction of surtaxes for our half million wealthy citizens.

On this question, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which expresses, in terse language, a widely-held view, "Mr. Garner's reasoning is entirely false. He talks as if a cut in surtaxes affected only those who are pinched in the higher brackets. He ignores or forgets the economic truth that the excessive taxation of any particular class in the country is passed on by that class to the general public. In one way or another most of the high surtaxes are charges upon business enterprise and are recovered by the corre-



A HARD TAX-MASTER

—Williams in New York American.



IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE HE COULD  
MISS THIS ONE

—Hanny in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

sponding charges which business enterprise makes at the expense of those whom it serves. Taxation is an endless chain. Directly or indirectly it affects every class in every community in the land."

Mr. Mellon's attitude, it will be remembered, is that the surtaxes are getting more useless every year because they are being progressively avoided by various expedients, chief among which is investment in tax-exempt securities. In support of his contention that our wealthiest men avoid ordinary productive enterprise because they lose money — through taxation — in it, Secretary Mellon cites, in a letter to Senator Couzens, the case of the late William Rockefeller. The total market value of his investments in Standard Oil stocks was less than seven million dollars, while in tax-exempt securities he had invested forty-four millions.

At the end of this same letter Secretary Mellon restated his plea for surtax cuts in forceful language:

"We have in this country a system of war-time high surtaxes which have been and will continue to be progressively less productive of revenue to the Government, and which, by driving capital out of productive business and destroying the American spirit of business initiative, are working grave economic harm. It is not those who have the capital who are hurt, it is the whole country who would benefit by its productive use who suffer. Common experience and all statistics available point to the same end.

"What is the remedy? Let us have diagnosis and cure—not autopsy and verdict."

Mr. Garner may or may not feel himself answered by this reasoning. It has been interesting to note that the Democratic scheme makes no mention of the bonus. Its tax reductions, it is estimated, would cut the national revenue by about 323 million dollars, and therefore, it is said, would leave no room for a bonus, since only about that sum is available for tax reduction. Whether or not the Democratic minority meant it so remains to be seen. It looks as if they had half a mind to evade the bonus issue entirely.



THE SPIRIT OF '24

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

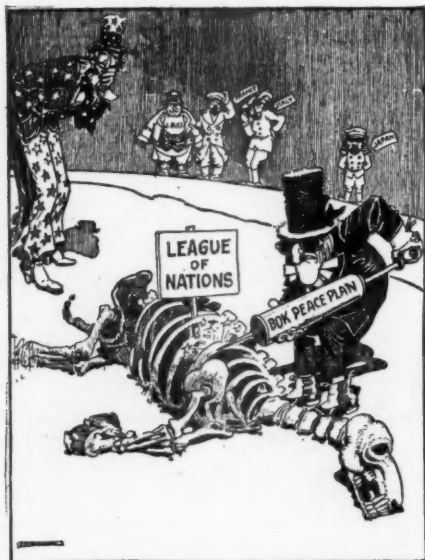
## Smelting and Refining the Bok Plan

**T**HE Bok Peace Plan has been determined. Out of 22,165 schemes, No. 1469 has won the prize of \$50,000. The Jury of Seven, which includes Elihu Root, a Republican, as Chairman, and Edward M. House, a Democrat, is unanimous that there has been selected "the best practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world." And they add this startling recommendation of their own:

It is the unanimous hope of the jury that the first fruit of the mutual counsel and cooperation among the nations which will result from the adoption of the plan selected will be a general prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all materials of war.

This means nothing less than the scrapping of the United States, Jap-

anese, British and other navies; the construction of aircraft for commerce only; the disbandment of the French, Russian and other armies which exceed the standard of a police force; and a general reduction of the whole world to the Canadian level of an army of 3,500 men for 9 million citizens. And it must be pointed out that the United States has declined ratification of the St. Germain Convention, adopted at Paris for the League of Nations, whereby the export of arms is to be prevented. That export, as explained elsewhere, is actually proceeding into Mexico. At their Conference in Indianapolis, 7,000 delegates of the Student Volunteer Movement went so far as to insist on discussing the question: "Should the students of America pledge themselves on November 11th, 1924, to refuse thenceforth to aid in the prosecution of war, directly or indirectly?"—which resolution would turn the Association into a band of conscientious objectors of the most extreme variety.



TOO LATE FOR THE DOCTOR  
—Williams in New York American.



MR. BOK'S \$100,000 PRIZE BEAUTY  
—Rogers in Washington Post.





#### FIFTY-FOUR COUNTRIES MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The white spaces in the above map, made for the *Christian Science Monitor*, represent the nations that are League members. The black portions represent the nations that are outside the League, namely: Russia, Afghanistan, Turkey, Egypt, Germany, Ecuador, Dominican Republic, Mexico and the United States.

The Winning Plan does not outlaw war. It may be summarized thus:

(1) Five-sixths of the nations and four-fifths of mankind belong to the League of Nations. No other League is possible and towards the League, the United States must gravitate.

(2) The Washington Conference shows that the United States believes in international cooperation. And the United States is represented already on commissions of the League, as follows: Health, Opium, Traffic in Women and Children, Anthrax (Industrial Hygiene), International Hydrographic Bureau, Epidemics, Agriculture, etc. And all conventions and resolutions of the first three International Labor Congresses have been laid before the Senate and referred without objection to their appropriate Committees. This cooperation with the League should be extended.

(3) The United States should join the World Court at once.

(4) Despite Article X which guarantees frontiers and Article XVI which authorizes a boycott and the use of force against aggressor nations, the League has found it im-

possible in practice to use any such measures. It has depended on "conference," "moral judgment," "full publicity" and "the power of public opinion."

(5) In practice, the League has acquiesced in the leadership of the New World, exercised by the United States under the Monroe Doctrine.

(6) The League has fulfilled the aspirations which centered around the Hague Convention, approved by the United States.

(7) The United States should thus "accept the League of Nations as an instrument of mutual counsel," assuming "no obligation to interfere with political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state" and insisting as much as ever on the Monroe Doctrine.

(8) Under Article X and XVI, the United States assumes no obligations, "unless in any particular case Congress has authorized such action." These articles should be dropped.

(9) Save as Congress approves, the United States assumes no responsibility for carrying out the Treaty of Versailles.



ANOTHER EFFORT TO LURE HIM FROM HIS  
TRADITIONAL PERCH

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

(10) Any self-governing state may join the League if two-thirds of the nations agree—in other words, France may not exclude Germany.

(11) The League shall proceed to develop International Law.

The plan is at present anonymous. A referendum in respect of it is proceeding. Apparently it has rallied the churches, the universities and those forces in the nation which supported Woodrow Wilson's policy, whatever objections might be raised to his personality. The fact that Elihu Root sponsors the plan is a challenge to President Coolidge's statement that, for the Republican Administration, the League of Nations is a closed incident. The Bok Plan has been received in the press with an enthusiasm which shows that, if the incident is closed for the President, it may be open wide for a candidate like William G. McAdoo, Isolationists like Hiram Johnson are busy denouncing the World Court, and Senator Lodge has written a letter insisting that if the United States is to join it must be separated from the League.

## A Sleight-of-Hand Deal With Mexico

ON the advice of Secretary Hughes, the United States has sold munitions of war to President Obregon of Mexico. The consignments are not large—only, it is said, 5,000 rifles, 5 million rounds of ammunition and 8 air-planes, but the principle involved is serious. These weapons were exported, not by private firms but by the Government, and Congress has yet to approve.

In view of the fact that the port of Vera Cruz has been the headquarters of the rebellion against Obregon, he asked also for cruisers which, however, were refused. Apparently, Mexico has only the *Zaragossa*, which is unseaworthy but controlled by the rebels, and the gunboat *Bravo*, which Obregon would use if it were not undergoing repairs. Britain is sending a warship into Mexican waters, and a naval demonstration by the United States at Panama shows that she also prefers to use her own ships. Moreover, the export of warships is contrary to the agreements of the Washington Conference, an embargo which, despite efforts by the League of Nations, does not apply to arms for use on land. It is, indeed, not to Mexico alone that the United States has furnished munitions. To Cuba, her sales recently amounted to \$100,000; to Nicaragua \$170,000; and small supplies have been sent to Panama.

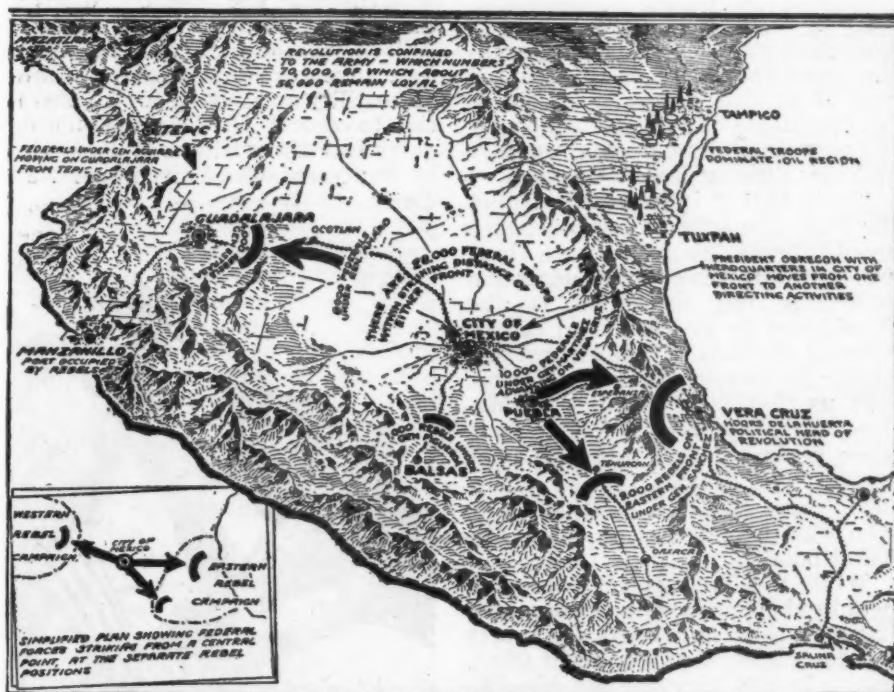
Secretary Hughes stoutly defends his action. And broadly the argument in its favor is that President Obregon—a man whose ancestral name is said to have been O'Brien and blood, Irish—has made good. According to *The Survey Graphic*, which Liberal organ publishes an appreciation of Obregon by Frank Tannenbaum, the Budget for educa-



tion has been raised from 5 million to 50 million pesos; classics like Plato, Dante, Shakespeare are widely distributed; the sabers of the bandits have been turned into plowshares; the army itself has been employed in making roads and cultivating the soil; more than 500,000 workers have organized in unions; the Maya Indians have emerged from slavery to the citizenship that can be expressed in political conventions; and the rebellion is merely the final struggle of the stand-pats who have battened on the large estates and treated the peons as their chattels. Hence the New York *Evening Post* chaffs Secretary Hughes over his support of the anti-landlord Obregon, accused of Bolshevism itself, who expropriates the territorial squires of Mexico, and his opposition to Adolfo de la

Huerta, who claims at any rate to be defending the sacred rights of property. Enrique Seldner, who represents de la Huerta in Washington, has entered a protest against the help given to Obregon who is charged with dictatorial offenses against Mexican liberty and with corruption. On behalf of Obregon, these charges are strongly denied and, on January 7th, President Coolidge issued a proclamation forbidding the supply of arms by private firms to Mexico—that is, to de la Huerta.

The attitude of the United States is thus clear and it applies to Latin America as a whole. In a sentence, Secretary Hughes intends to keep peace in the New World. Hence, President Harding's letter of April 23rd, 1923, stating that surplus munitions should not be sold abroad to



MAP SHOWING POSITIONS OF OPPOSING ARMIES IN MEXICO

In this drawing, made by Charles H. Owens for the *Los Angeles Times*, arrows indicate the advance of the federal troops.



ISN'T THAT PRETTY STRONG MEDICINE TO BE SELLING A YOUNG FELLOW LIKE THAT WITHOUT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION?

—Ding in New York Tribune.

encourage warfare by fostering militarism and hence the decision, in the case of Mexico, to use these stores "in conditions of actual rebellion for the purpose of discouraging warfare and establishing law and order."

"It is highly important," argues the State Department, "that Mexico should break away from a long series of unfortunate precedents and determine the succession to the Presidency by peaceful and constitutional methods." The largest employer in Mexico, Carlos B. Zetina, tells us that "the elections of Madero, Carranza and Obregon were mere gestures" and that "once the contest was decided on the battlefield, there was no question as to who was to come out on top at the ballot booth."

While the Treaty with Mexico is held in abeyance and no ambassador has yet been appointed, Secretary Hughes claims that President Obregon is loyally carrying out his obligations, even to the extent of making actual payments. And it certainly looks as if his troops had

"won the election," whether for his candidate, General Plutarco Calles or some other nominee. Obregon's liberated agrarians are standing by him.

The policy of the United States is, however, a subject of strong and persistent criticism. Senator Borah disapproves, but withholds for the moment his reasons. But Hiram Johnson declares that the Administration is playing the part of a Holy Alliance, that Hughes is the Metternich of the New World and that the rebels in Mexico may be compared to the long suffering inhabitants of Piedmont who were forced to submit to a profligate King of Spain. "Where," asks Senator Johnson, "are the leagues to enforce peace to-day, the organizations for outlawry of war, the individuals who talked, without understanding, of relieving the world's distress through a League of Nations court? Will they stand mute over this Mexican adventure that means a legacy of hostility and hatred for a generation to come?" A Congressional inquiry into the business is demanded by Representative Fairchild of New York.



CAUGHT RED-HANDED

—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

## Russia Knocks Loudly For Recognition

THE recognition of Russia is now agitating the whole world. Whatever else may be uncertain about the policy of British Labor, it is at least evident that Russia is to be invited to send an Ambassador to London. By this measure, Ramsay Macdonald, who is here supported by Asquith and Lloyd George, hopes to detach Russia from Afghanistan, which Moslem state is again disturbing the north-west frontier of India.

Italy is also approaching Russia; and even France, with her "satellites" of the Little Entente, is inclined to forget her now worthless Czarist securities and mount the band wagon.

There remains the United States. By the Bok Plan, analyzed elsewhere, Russia would be included with Germany in the League of Nations. And Senator Borah argues vehemently in favor of recognition, which is supported by *The New Republic* and similar journals.

Secretary Hughes bases his negative on two propositions, (1) that Russia repudiates her obligations and (2) that she is conducting propaganda in the United States.

On the first point, it is perhaps difficult to understand why Turkey, with her long record of unpaid debts and her massacre of many millions of Christians, should be recognized, while the Soviet Republic, with a record that, at its worst, is comparatively innocent, should be treated as a pariah.

On the second count, it is admitted that the Communist Party in Russia through the Third International still seeks to promote a world revolution. And the only question is whether this party represents the *de facto* government in Moscow.

Secretary Hughes quotes *Izvestia*,



TO ARMS!

—Kirby in New York World.

the official organ of the Soviet Republic, in which Stekloff, the Communist, states that "the close organic and spiritual connection between the Soviet Republic and the Communist International cannot be doubted." It is "an accomplished fact."

This Communist International is represented in the United States by the Workers' Party of America, described in Moscow as "the advance guard of the revolutionary proletariat" in our country whose "revolutionary work" is "satisfactory, broad and real." From Moscow, "the W. P. A." has received "instructions" on "intensive revolutionary work"—namely, organization in the large industries, of "units of ten" who will "study the Communist program and other revolutionary literature," each unit to contain "not less than three men" trained once a week "in shooting" and "pioneer work."

George Tchitcherin, Soviet Foreign Minister and a moderate, denounces these papers as "forgeries." But Secretary Hughes issues the article from *Izvestia* in facsimile and the date as November 7, 1922. There is no reason whatever to doubt that the documents are genuine. Whether they constitute a substantial case is another matter. The government of the United States, one may argue, is strong enough to resist such distant onslaughts!

The *Christian Science Monitor* furnishes an excellent account of what the "Third International" really is. In 1862 a second Universal Exhibition was held in London. Out of it grew the capitalist idea of bringing workers together into London to learn British methods of manufacture. Karl Marx, then living in England, saw his opportunity and on September 28, 1864, launched the First International. Twelve years later this organization died a natural death in Philadelphia. It was killed by the excess of the Commune of 1871 in Paris.

In 1889 the Second International was formed, and in 1900 its bureau was established in Brussels. It was killed by the war.

In March, 1919, the Third International was established at Moscow, and in December, 1922, 52 nations sent delegates. The Socialist Party in the United States does not belong to the Third International. And British Labor has established

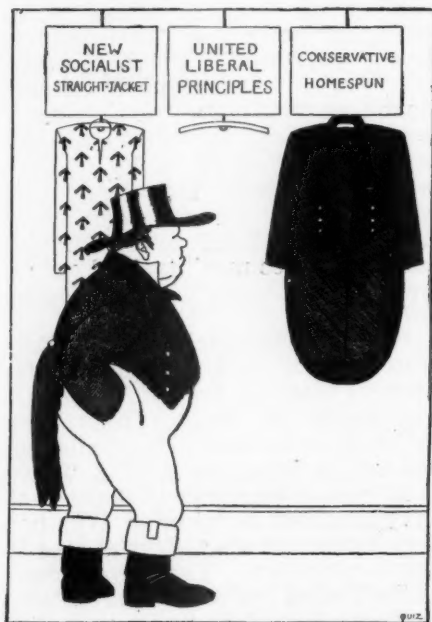
its own "international" in London, separate wholly from Moscow.

On the question whether the Soviet Republic is or is not officially responsible for the Third International, Clare Sheridan produces some evidence, direct from Moscow. When Frau Zetkin, the German Communist, visited the Kremlin, a special review of troops was held in her honor. Probably the inner truth is that the Communists hold the Soviet Republic in a grip from which Lenin and Trotzky would now like, if he could, to escape.

□ □

## Britain Invites a Labor Government

THE situation in Britain is now clear. Liberals and Laborites will unite to defeat Stanley Baldwin in the House of Commons, after which formality the King will send for Ramsay Macdonald and a Labor Government will be formed. This Government will avoid the Capital Levy and any important measure of nationalization and will so subsist for a while on Liberal support. Russia will be recognized and the Budget will include "a free breakfast table"—that is, abolition of the duties on tea, sugar and other imported comforts of the home. If challenged in the House, Labor will ask the King for a dissolution of Parliament, which the King may grant or refuse. If he grants it, there will be a General Election in which Labor will seek an absolute majority, independent of Liberals. But it may be that by that time a Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives will have developed which would enable the King to obtain a Government, say, under Asquith, in the present Parliament. Much depends upon the way that Labor Ministers, at present untried, carry out their duties. Take Miss Marga-



JOHN BULL MAKES HIS CHOICE  
—Quiz in London *Saturday Review*.



ret Bondfield. Not only is she a woman entering Parliament. But she takes her seat there for the first time and yet is likely to find herself a Cabinet Minister, responsible to the House for a great department. That is a test. Lady Astor herself has been no more than a private member.

That is Conservative in Britain shows alarm. Appeals have been made by the Tories to Asquith to be their leader. But Asquith, urged by Lloyd George, has insisted that Labor must have its chance. To keep Labor out of power at this stage would be to insure a spell of greater power for real Socialism in a year or two. The Tories then turned in despair to the King, begging him as the French aristocrats begged Louis XVI., to stand by his class, but the King, preferring to keep his head on his shoulders and a crown on his head, has firmly declined to discriminate against Labor. It is, indeed, well that Labor should taste the stings as well as the sweets of responsibility and that, having criticised others, it should be itself subject to criticism.

Hence the placidity of the Stock Exchange in Britain. By the hard rule of arithmetic, French francs are much more nervous than English sterling. In the Dominions, of course, there are misgivings lest Labor fail to grant the somewhat paltry preferences which were discussed at the Imperial Conference; and Australia and New Zealand are anxious lest the fortification of Singapore be dropped. But it is doubtful whether even here Labor will act differently from Liberal declarations on the subject.

Labor is, in fact, Liberalism without peerages, knighthoods, baronetcies and other entanglements. And even in the Established Church, Labor has 500 sympathetic clergymen, all of whom are prepared, if need be, to become State-appointed bishops.



### NECESSARY NUISANCES

—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

## France Shrugs a Shoulder

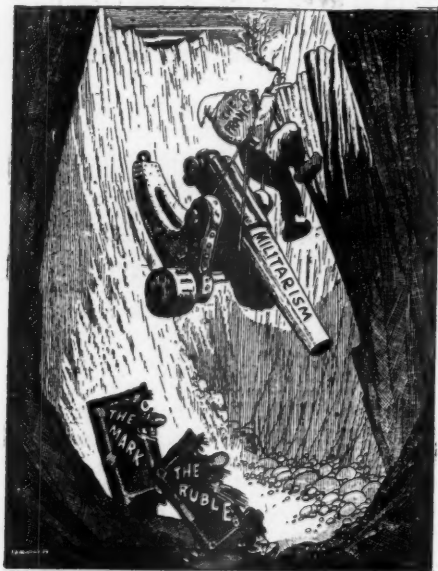
**A**S a result of the visit of Benes to Paris, the friendship between France and Czecho-Slovakia is to be transformed by public treaty into a firm military alliance; and France is lending Czecho-Slovakia a sum of 300,000,000 francs (to be spent in France) for munitions. A war convention is to be added later to the treaty, which will be filed with the League of Nations.

By the treaty, the two nations pledge themselves to execute the peace settlements arrived at in Paris which means that France and Czecho-Slovakia will fight for each other if either of them be attacked. These "defensive accords" are, it is claimed, in line with Lord Robert Cecil's system of protective treaties which would be preliminary to a reduction of armament. The Allies will support the League of Nations, will oppose the return either of the Hohenzollerns or the Hapsburgs to their respective thrones, and will resist any union between Austria and Germany. These provisions imply a concession by France in two direc-



ONE REASON WHY THE FRANC IS HAVING  
A SINKING SPELL  
—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

tions. First, France now realizes that she cannot influence the smaller nations unless she gives an honest support to the League. And second-



HERE HE COMES!  
The new member of the Down-and-Out Club  
—Williams in New York American.

ly, she must now drop her intrigues in favor of royalist "putsches," in Bavaria and Hungary.

The treaty confirms the hegemony of France in Europe. In the Ruhr, she is now firmly established, and Prime Minister Poincaré is ready to talk peace with Germany. Indeed, at Cologne, French and German boys have actually played together at football amid cheering crowds, which is quite the first incident of its kind since the Armistice. Also, there are hints that behind the back of the French Government, French industrialists are arranging with German industrialists to divide the spoils.

On the other hand, Italy does not accept this situation. She declines to be bound by French arrangements in the Ruhr. She is, moreover, alarmed by the possibility that the Little Entente, with nearly 2 million troops, will follow Czecho-Slovakia and that Greece and Bulgaria also will be forced into line. At Paris, Italy was foolish. She quarreled with Jugo-Slavia over Fiume instead of uniting all the Balkan nations under Italian leadership.

Britain has asked Czecho-Slovakia what security she offers France—a question which the *New York Times* calls "tactless." As creditor both of France and of Czecho-Slovakia, Britain is however human. Also, Britain is developing an airforce which France will have to respect. She is building 52 squadrons and it will be interesting to observe whether a Labor Government—of anti-French but Pacifist complexion—will modify this program. As for the Hearst Press, it inquires why, "with black and white French soldiers tearing out the vitals of Germany, should not the American State Department ask France to pay us?" On this delicate matter M. Loucheur says openly that there is to be no payment by France of the American debt. And Senator Smoot,



who, it is stated, wants "reminders" to be sent to our debtors in Europe, may not find that he has the Debt Funding Commission behind him. If Senator Burton supported the proposal, would Secretaries Hughes, Hoover and Mellon agree?

Now united under France we have the coal of the Ruhr, the iron of Lorraine and the great munition plant at Skoda, in Eastern Europe. It is a masterly combination.

Amid all the confusion, France stands firmly behind Poincaré, who has again carried the new Senate. Early in November, the League for the Rights of Man met in Paris and did indeed declare against the occupation of the Ruhr, and in favor of what in Britain would be described as a Liberal policy in Europe. In the *New York World*, these proceedings were fully reported, but a different complexion was put on the case by the *New York Tribune*, which gave evidence that this conference only represented Communists and Socialists, with perhaps a dash of Caillaux. The Radical leaders Herriot and Painlevé, in interviews, put themselves behind Poincaré on all the main issues, and Louis Loucheur states that the country is "one unit." The appropriations of money for the costs of the Ruhr policy have been passed "by an almost unanimous Chamber," and while some of Poincaré's opponents might not have gone so far as he did at early stages of the struggle, they feel that the die is cast and that France must now be "solidaire."

On the other hand, the French franc has fallen below a nickel, that is to one fourth its par value, and



ON GUARD!

This drawing by Jean Droit is very popular in France at the present time and may be taken as symbolic of the French attitude in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

while there are the usual optimistic accounts of the budget, France is still a heavy borrower. On January 14th Italy was reported "jubilant" because the Italian lira had risen above the French franc. Mussolini was seen to be vindicated for the drastic fiscal reforms upon which he has insisted. Paris is reported unable to comprehend the fall of the franc, but Poincaré is supposed to desire a temporary cutting down of the "reconstruction" program, large disbursements for which may have pounded the franc down to its present painfully low level. France is prosperous as a nation, but poor as a government.

## Listening In

**A**NYBODY must be either a saint or a humbug to preach the Gospel pure and unalloyed. The majority of preachers are neither one nor the other. Many ministers find in politics a welcome refuge from preaching dogmas in which they no longer actively believe and which bore their congregations.—*William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

**R**EPRESENTATIVE governments would be excellent if they were representative. But it is impossible to have less democracy than we have at present. Parliaments are unpopular in almost any country, and I believe your American Congress is as much disliked as our British Parliament. One of two things is likely to happen. Either we revert to monarchy or have representative institutions on a line with trade councils or the Soviet idea. I have always thought of the United States as the last refuge for medieval monarchy. The President has much more power than a constitutional king, and I believe that the Presidency in America is generally popular.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

**O**UR dead are greater and more truly alive than we are! When we forget them, it is our whole future that we lose sight of; and when we fail in respect to them, it is our own immortal soul that we are trampling under our own feet.—*Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian poet-philosopher.*

**T**HE world may never reach a state of perfection. Mankind may never know absolute happiness. Prosperity and contentment can be obtained only by perpetual struggle for betterment and patient toil. Each nation needs the man who works with his hands just as much as it needs the man who works with his head. Each life is equally precious, equally es-

sential, in proportion to the capacities and abilities unfolded. Each man is a stone in the great edifice, and God does not ask which one was placed at the top.—*Queen Marie of Roumania.*

**M**ERELY saving money is extravagant economy. True economy is making every penny do the work of a penny and a half—not saving half a penny. The short-sighted saving of money involves an extravagant expenditure of far more valuable, irreplaceable assets—strength, health and time.—*Katherine Ludington, Treasurer, National League of Women Voters.*

**U**NLESS we can create a general opinion against new powers of destruction, science may breed monsters which will devour us. Science must be curbed.—*John Galsworthy, English novelist.*

**T**HERE always will be bad men trying to use the latest discoveries of science

for purposes subversive to the good of mankind. The only result of Galsworthy's scheme to curb science would be that good scientists would be prevented from continuing their investigations and making new discoveries, while the bad men would keep on working just the same as before.—*Sir William H. Bragg, director of the Royal Institution laboratories and Nobel prize-winner in 1915.*

**I**F we measure our education by the expenditure of moneys, by the number of pupils, or by the splendor of the school buildings, the impression of our system of education is most flattering.

If we seek for those surer evidences of education, correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, refined and gentle manners, habits of reflection and the scientific approach to new prob-

**W**E know America's difficulties; we respect America's suspicions. The American people are drawn from many diverse sources. They have crossed the Atlantic with many bitter memories in their hearts. Their thoughts of Europe and of ourselves have been anything but friendly, and they have no intention of allowing the mighty state which they have done their full share in building up to become an adjunct to any European Power or to get mixed up in the diplomatic confusions and nationalist ambitions of European policy. Who can blame them? What is there in our records to entitle us to be superior judges or censors of their isolation?—*J. Ramsay Macdonald, head of the British Labor Party in Parliament.*

lems, the results are not quite so flattering. It has been said that we are the best half-educated people in the world. The fraction is too high.—*Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.*

**W**OMEN who take all phases of their lives seriously, with thought, self-discipline and prayer, may presently find themselves the fashion. Human progress appears to move in a sort of rising circle. Perhaps old-fashioned fidelity will come in again some day.—*Kathleen Norris, famous American story writer.*

**I**F you hear anybody discoursing learnedly about something that happened ten million years ago, you know he's a modernist. But if anybody insists that the whole universe is relatively modern, you know he's a fundamentalist.

The fundamentalists believe that God created man in his own image and that man is fundamentally wrong. The modernists say that man created God in his own image, but that man is fundamentally right.—*Charles W. Wood, journalist.*

**D**ISCRIMINATIONS against women in the laws of to-day are not due to the men of to-day. They have been handed down through the ages. The Roman law gave the husband the power of life and death over his wife. Under the English law the wife lost her separate existence after marriage. Laws are not made for the best of husbands; laws are made for the worst of men.

All women were, according to the common law, inferior to men. The married

woman's property, her services, her earnings and her children belonged to her husband. The laws of most of the United States are based upon this old English "common law," which was brought over to this country by the early colonists.

We are working to remove these disabilities so that women, as mothers, as wives, and as citizens, will have the same protection under the law as men.—*Mrs. Harvey Wiley, wife of the food expert.*

**T**HANK God, common sense is coming into its own in our relations to the rest of the world. When men and women ask for intervention, ask them: "On whose side? What can Europe want of us except advice, or money, or the pledge to use our army and navy?"

As to our money, why should our generosity be determined by an international committee instead of being kept in our own conscience? Why should we put a dollar into the right hand of any one who is going to use his left hand to spend it on armament?

We have contributed billions upon billions of dollars to Europe since the war. We have extended salvation to Russia, to Asia, to the Near East. Our taxpayers have carried the interest on the indebtedness of other nations. No one believes this is isolation.

As for clarity of foreign policy—members of international conferences and leagues know less of each other's plans and purposes than they know about the plans and purposes of the United States. I can tell you with first-hand knowledge that I had less trouble in defining where we stand than I had to find out where Europe stands.—*Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy.*

**T**HE kind of work we need to have done in human engineering may be illustrated by the problem presented by "speeding up." The mechanical engineer knows that something will happen if he tries to run a grindstone or an iron rim as many revolutions per second as he can run a high-grade steel flywheel, but our self-constituted engineers in general to mankind in the large are hugging and preaching the delusion that backward races and slum populations can be speeded up to any velocity if they are given a few turns of the educational lathe,

sandpapered and geared up to the peoples that have been tempered in the fires of adversity and rolled in the mills of destiny for ten thousand years. It can't be done.—*Franklin H. Giddings, Columbia University Professor of Sociology.*

**T**HERE is not a woman in the world—if she has borne children—who does not know that there is no such thing as equality. I am for equality of opportunity. But Socialists insist that by legislation not only opportunity but human beings can be made equal. It is the limit of fallacy.—*Viscountess Nancy Astor, British M. P.*

## BUTLER AND HITCHCOCK IN A DOUBLE-BARRELED CAMPAIGN MYSTERY

**W**ISE politicians have not been surprised at the selection of William M. Butler as promoter of the white hopes of Calvin Coolidge for the Republican nomination to the Presidency of the United States. Others, less wise, but with an abiding faith in the American spirit which breathes through Calvin Coolidge, have set an eye on Butler as a yea-or-nea-er, in contrast to Frank H. Hitchcock, who has traveled through several political graveyards in anticipation of putting Hiram Johnson in the White House.

"Who is Butler?" and "Why Butler?" have asked and echoed political wiseacres. To which a writer in the *Springfield Republican* (Mass.) answers that 'the real political wise men were not surprised,' for 'Butler was the only possible manager for Mr. Coolidge's interests. His was the only possible selection for the peculiarly intimate and strategic post. The mystery is cleared away when William M. Butler is revealed as the political strong man whom recent governors have leaned on in time of stress; as the one man above others that Coolidge as governor relied on; as the man who was called to Washington as soon as Coolidge reached the White House.'

"There is no further difficulty when we learn that Butler, too, was a protégé of the late Senator W. Murray Crane, whose mantle has now descended upon him; that for twenty years Butler was Crane's personal counsel; that politicians went to Butler in Boston to get the ear of Crane in Dalton or in Washington; that when new Western Massachusetts members of promise went down to the General Court in Coolidge's generation, they understood that Butler was the man to see in time of trouble, that Butler's advice could be relied upon; that Senator Crane was in Washington during a part of Coolidge's legislative experience, and that Butler stood in the stead of Senator Crane to the quiet Northampton legislator; that no man stood so close to Calvin Coolidge, was so frequently consulted by him, and so absolutely depended on by him as governor of Massachusetts."

A light on the predilections of this Coolidge campaign director is thrown by a photographic-writer, in the *Boston Globe*, who, admitting Butler to be something of an enigma, admits him to be:

"One of the wealthiest mill-men in New England and perhaps the most respected by the others for his business judgment and political sagacity. It isn't enough that he happens to be the Massachusetts member of the Republican National Committee. Because those who know will tell you that he only went on the National Committee last spring to handle the Coolidge interests, whatever that might develop into. It surely isn't enough that Mr. Butler is, like Mr. Coolidge, a man of few words, a man who doesn't show his hand, a man whose 'Yes' or 'No' is final, but from whom the political inquirer is lucky indeed to get either a 'Yes' or 'No.' It hasn't anything to do with it that Mr. Butler has had a business career as amazing and romantic as Mr. Coolidge's political career. There wouldn't seem to be anything in the fact that Butler was a political light in Massachusetts in the early '90's; for he hasn't held political office since he left the presidency of the Massachusetts State Senate in 1895."

It appears that William M. Butler is about to become better known, if not admired, throughout the United States than he seems to be in New Bedford where his father, a Methodist minister, and much respected in the community fifty years ago, was secretary of the New Bedford Port Society for the Moral Improvement of Seamen. The Rev. James D. Butler ran the Seamen's Bethel and the Mariner's Home. His duty it was to pray on the decks of all outbound whalers, and to conduct services the Sunday before a ship went down to the sea for all the sailors who were shipping with her. The Seamen's Bethel is immortalized by Herman Melville's 'Moby Dick.' The Butlers have been in New Bedford since 1629. The family name has been given to Butler Flats,



Butler Street and Butler Lighthouse. The first street-car one may see in New Bedford is apt to read 'Butler,' over the front. William M. Butler grew up a poor boy, that is, he had no money behind him; his schoolmates remember him as the boy who used to take the prizes for speaking his pieces best in school exercises.

The subject of this first aid to Coolidge studied law and took his degree in law at Boston University and set up to practice for himself in New Bedford. He got into the Massachusetts Legislature in 1889, at twenty-eight, after he had for three years been City Councilor in New Bedford. He served New Bedford in the State House for six years, until 1895, and thereafter was not brought to the attention of the ordinary run of folks in his home city unless they read their papers carefully, until he began to get on the front page in connection with Mr. Coolidge's case in 1924.

It's certain that the remarkable rise of Butler from his modest beginnings to be one of the wealthiest and most powerful mill-men in New England, has been a constant surprise to his fellow townsmen in New Bedford, except, perhaps, the few in the upper crust who know him as a business associate.

Contrasted to this New Englander bent on "keeping cool with Coolidge," is the politically ambidextrous Frank H. Hitchcock who holds, not only the Harvard amateur boxing record, but the record for managing unsuccessful, as well as successful, Presidential campaigns.

It is becoming generally known that, as George Van Slyke says, in the New York *Herald*, in selecting Hitchcock for his campaign manager, Hiram Johnson is employing political judgment of high order, yet it is a selection which has startled politicians—Johnson picking Hitchcock, the ultra-conservative!

Only four years ago Senator Johnson was having political fits all over Washington and the West because of the disclosures over Leonard Wood's campaign fund. In the course of the Senate in-

vestigation it was shown that Frank Hitchcock was Wood's manager, and knew little or nothing about money affairs in connection therewith, and that William R. Wrigley was the big contributor to the Wood fund.

Johnson, we read in the *Herald*, has "not only taken over Hitchcock for manager but has annexed Wrigley as his backer. The combination of Hitchcock, Wrigley and Lasker has every evidence of being a hard-boiled campaign. One need not even guess that the Butler campaign will be of the same brand, but the surprise is that Johnson should be well on the way toward overclassing even conservative New England in practical politics."

Frank Hitchcock, the man of mystery! Maker of Presidential booms and the enigma of practical politics! Consulting politician with an extraordinary capacity for bagging delegates. The silent, the taciturn, the go-getter, as the *Herald* reports.

"His conduct of the Taft pre-convention campaign and of the election campaign won for Hitchcock the reputation of being the best politician in the country. Silent and mysterious even down to the smallest detail, it is recorded, always available to the right man and as inaccessible to the crowd as a President; never ruffled, but always clear-headed, he puzzled out the ways of his opponents and then beat them at their own game. When he took over the Taft campaign, A. I. Vorys of Ohio had tied it up into a terrible muddle, with every one dissatisfied. Yet in a few weeks Hitchcock had it running along smoothly on all fours."

Always fond of that mysterious element, which he seems to regard as an asset, Hitchcock is ever turning up unexpectedly at far distant places; disappearing for days in the midst of excitement and then arriving with a splash somewhere else. In his Presidential campaigns he is said to be the champion long-distance telephoner of the world. He knows somebody everywhere and yet there are few men who slap him on the back. One never would think of calling him Frank or "Sandy"

to his face. Yet in spite of that diffidence on the part of his immediate friends and associates, he is really a good mixer—providing no one tries to learn his business.

The news dispatches tell every few days of Hitchcock's appearance in the

West, the South, New York, the Middle West. His going is never trumpeted, but his arrival is always known. He is out on the trail again for delegates, and even discounting his reputation as a political wizard, his opponents know they have an antagonist in the field.

## IN VENIZELOS GREECE HAS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ARISTIDES

FOR the third time in his amazing career, Eleutherios Venizelos has been summoned to Athens in order to save Greece from herself. And to the nation which has all but ruined itself and the Balkans by throwing him into ostracism and exile, this one hundred per cent. patriot has again lent his unrequited services. His health is none too robust and already he has suffered a hint of heart failure.

The one fault to be found with Venizelos as a statesman is that he has none. He is the Aristides of the twentieth century—an Aristides who is exiled at intervals because men wearied of hearing him called "the Just." It was St. Paul who in his day noticed how the Athenians spent their whole time seeking for something new. As Paris has often been a peril to France, as Sofia is the worst enemy of Bulgaria, so is Athens the chief danger of Greece. It amuses the Athenian to be fickle, even when to be fickle means folly. In Greece as a whole, as in France and Bulgaria, the peasant is a very decent fellow. Athens, however, is corrupt and its court has been a political plaguespot. Under the kings which Greece imported from Denmark, no honest statesman could live.

For this calm Venizelos, with his beard and spectacles, who regards life as duty and has exalted equity into an ideal, shows us how big may be the hero on a small stage. He was not born to a great Republic like the United States or to a great empire like the British, but saw the light of day, sixty years ago, in the insignificant island of Crete, then under the suzerainty of

the Sultan. Educated at the ill-omened city of Smyrna and then at the University of Athens, young Venizelos, his soul at a white heat but his head ice-cool as that of a Parnell, entered the Cretan Assembly when he was only twenty-four years old, and in 1896 led the rebellion which liberated Crete from the Turk and added the island to Greece. King George was then on the Greek throne and he appointed his son, Prince George, the brother of Constantine, to be High Commissioner of his new province. Enough to say that Prince George played the part of petty despot and, in 1905, Venizelos had to lead a second insurrection which turned him out.

The quarrel was inevitable. For Venizelos is to his last fiber a Liberal. Deeply versed in the mysteries of the English Constitution, he considers that a monarch, if there is to be a monarch at all, should accept the advice of his ministers. For Greece, he has thus been what Smuts is for South Africa, what Masaryk is for Czecho-Slovakia and, some would even say, what George Washington was for the United States. For, in his day, Washington had to face essentially the same attacks that have interrupted the career of Venizelos.

King George was greedy of power and incapable, and in 1909 his crown seemed to be falling from his head. In desperation, therefore, he sent to Crete for the very man, Venizelos, who had committed, as the king put it, so grave an "outrage" against his son. Venizelos therefore left Crete, suspended his republican sentiments, carried through



a revision of the Constitution, reformed the army and navy, reduced the taxation of the poor, and saved the monarch. It took him two years. And he had to speak plainly, both to king and people. The royal family knew they owed their all to the wisdom of the Prime Minister who was hated, therefore, with a venomous rancor, especially by King Constantine, when he ascended the throne. For Constantine had married the Kaiser's sister, Sophie, and had become the Kaiser's satellite. Venizelos steadily refused to betray Greece by playing the game of a foreign power like Germany. The animus of Constantine against him, therefore, like the animus of King Saul against David, became an obsession. And twice, if Venizelos had not escaped from Greece as David escaped from Judea, would he have been shot down like vermin. To murder Venizelos became Constantine's aim in life. And why not? The court in Bulgaria murdered Stamboulsky. It was quite allowable.

With Greece reorganized under Venizelos, there came the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. Of that great league which united Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria against the Turk, Venizelos was the architect, and to preserve the league intact was his ceaseless aim. But Germany and Austria-Hungary, who dominated Turkey and held King Ferdinand of Bulgaria in their cynical grip, did not want the Balkans to be prosperous and united. The more Venizelos did for Greece and her neighbors, the more hostile became King Constantine. His was the very temper of King George III. In domestic life he was virtuous, but, like the Hanoverians in England of two centuries ago, he was a foreigner. Not a drop of Greek blood ran in his veins. He hailed from Denmark, had been taught indifferent militarism in Berlin, and was fed up with ideas of "divine right." His orders were to oust Venizelos from power and he was obedient. When the Great War came, Greece not only remained neutral, but even allowed Bulgaria to stab her sworn ally, Serbia, in the back.

You may say, of course, that the Greek nation was to blame. But it must be borne in mind that these small peoples were terrified by the fate of Belgium, of Roumania and of Serbia herself. To get rid of the Kaiser's brother-in-law and viceroy meant war with the Kaiser. And it was thus only when Germany had been beaten that Venizelos had his chance again. Constantine had to abdicate and his son, King Alexander, ascended the throne. In his short reign he was fair to Venizelos, but by a curious mischance a monkey bit him and he died. The way was thus made clear for the reactionaries in Athens to bring back the slain king's fond father who in due course cheerfully returned, Venizelos retiring in 1921.

He left Greece in good shape. At the Paris Conference he did not secure Constantinople for his sometimes too ambitious country. But at least Greece obtained Smyrna with its environs, on the coast of Asia Minor, and many Greek islands of the Aegean. With the rise of Kemal this province had to be guarded, but the risks were not great. What Constantine did was to promise peace and then fan the flames of war. With France against him and Britain warning him of danger, he tried first to deal a knock-out blow to the Turks in Angora and next to capture Constantinople against the joint resistance of Britain, France and Italy. Smyrna, where Venizelos went to school, was burned; the Greek army was wrecked; King Constantine fled a second time and died; and some of his accomplices were shot by an infuriated nation. Another of his sons, George, ascended the throne.

This young man has been a pawn in a clever woman's game. Queen Marie of Roumania, whose daughters are as beautiful as herself, had secured the King of Jugo-Slavia as one son-in-law and the King of Greece as another. Her plan has thus been to unite the Balkans in one family compact. And the Roumanian Crown Prince is thus the husband of Princess Helen of Greece—the brother-in-law, that is, of the dispos-

sessed King George. To the Queen of Roumania, therefore, the virtual abdication of the Greek sovereign and the return of Venizelos has come as a severe blow. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a true cousin of that ill-fated but masterful woman, the Czarina of Russia. Indeed, Queen Marie has plotted to restore the Romanoffs, and her court is a stronghold of Russian royalists.

The Greeks, however, had had enough of their Glücksborg kings who, with the brains of a puppet, sought the powers of a Napoleon. Elections were held in December at which Venizelos—keeping himself aloof in Paris—received an imperative call to resume office. Earlier in the year he had done what he could

for Greece at the Lausanne Conference. On condition that he should not find a king in Athens, he has agreed to go back. He says plainly that he only returns in order to get things again into order. To mention one problem, Greece has to absorb no fewer than 500,000 refugees, expelled from Turkey, and this must involve her in a large financial operation. That is one legacy left by the Glücksborgs. To the departed sovereigns, Greece is generous. They were handed the equivalent of \$18,000 as they embarked from Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, and they are to enjoy a pension of \$27,000 a year. On going into exile they displayed a genuine emotion. They were sorry to lose the job.

## OWEN D. YOUNG, WHO PUT THE Y IN WGY, TACKLES GERMAN REPARATIONS

THE most fascinating thing about Owen D. Young, according to one of his recent biographers, is not his selection by the Reparations Board (with General "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes) to unsnarl Germany's tangled finances. Neither is it his chairmanship, at 48, of the General Electric Company. Nor yet is it his extraordinary rise by his own efforts from a farm in Central New York to his present eminence in the world of finance, industry and international affairs. No, to Samuel D. McCoy of the New York *Herald*, the most fascinating thing about Owen D. Young is his hands!

As the old Irish "bull" has it, he's a tall man of his hands. Those hands, says McCoy, are twice as large as customary, and are hitched to a long, lanky frame, constructed for plowing up hard-packed soil, or for any other sort of arduous labor. Furthermore, those hands are the symbol of the mind which presides over their functioning, an extra-large, powerful mentality which can be depended upon to drive a straight furrow from end to end of the field.

Radio fans will recall that WGY is the

broadcasting signature of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. But few of them realize, probably, that the "Y" in that cabalistic combination of letters signifies Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of that corporation.

"Odie" Young—to give him another nickname—was born on a 120-acre farm near Van Hornesville, Herkimer County, N. Y. (seventy miles west of Albany), on October 27, 1874. Van Hornesville had seventy-four inhabitants two hundred years ago when the Youngs first settled there, and still has seventy-four inhabitants. The father of the Reparations Commissioner was born there on December 10, 1831, and died there January 16, 1906. His mother, now 85 years of age, still lives there, sitting at her front window, looking forward to the frequent visits of her only son.

The Young family of the past generation was not wealthy—merely "prosperous" in the farm sense. As a biographer puts it, "No money, but something better—backbone." As for Owen D. Young:

"A slow-moving young fellow, but stubborn. When those big hands got a grip on something, they held on. The same way with his brain. When he got a grip on an idea, he hung on. And he was always joking, for all he looked so slow. You'd have thought he was serious, till you saw the twinkle in his eye. For instance: When he was fourteen, he had to drive over to Cooperstown one day. He got there all hot and sweaty and went into the court-house, like a farm boy would, to gawk around. There he saw two men sitting in comfortable chairs, cool, calmly talking. He learned that they were lawyers, and is quoted as saying to himself: 'Why, is that all they have to do, just sit in the shade and talk? That's what I'm going to do!'"

"Maybe his mother cried a little, at the thought of his going away to school. Her only boy, remember. The three of them, mother and father and the boy, finally worked it out together. His uncle promised to come over and help work the farm in Owen's place. So they sent him to Springfield Academy the next year, when he was fifteen."

But when he returned home, was it to resume farming, and settle down with the rest of the family contentedly? On the contrary. He had the education virus worse than ever. Now he wanted to go to college. His head was buzzing with schemes to win a State scholarship that would pay his tuition, but being only sixteen he was not eligible for the scholarship examinations. Seventeen was the required minimum age. And lacking a scholarship, how was he to get the money to go to college?

"One Sunday the President of St. Lawrence University of Canton, N. Y., came over to the Van Hornesville Church to preach. The boy's father went to him for advice. The upshot of it all was that Mr. Young borrowed \$1,000 and sent Owen to St. Lawrence. Four years on \$1,000 plus working day and night; and there he was in 1894, with his degree from the university!"

The next step was to law school at Boston University where he earned his tuition and board by tutoring and working in the library. Between

whiles he studied with such results that he graduated in two years instead of three, and in 1896, at the age of 22, he started in law practice in Boston with Charles H. Tyler.

"For the next seventeen years Young practiced law in Boston. He and his partner had a specialty. It was the organization, financing and operation of electrical utilities companies. It was a big subject, bound up with the big-scale development of the country. Before the seventeen years were up Owen D. Young knew every ramification of that subject from A to Z and back again.

"He was on a top step. Suddenly he found himself on a higher top step. In 1913 he became Vice-President and general counsel of the General Electric Company in New York, at thirty-nine."

From that time things happened quickly. First it was a trusteeship in St. Lawrence University, which gave him a chance to assist boys poor as he had been to get their feet on the bottom rungs of the ladder. Then it was membership in President Wilson's Second Industrial Conference. Then it was Chairmanship of Hoover's Committee on Employment. Pretty soon it was chairmanship of the Radio Corporation of America, directorship in the Federal Reserve Bank, directorship in the International Chamber of Commerce, and numerous directorships in electrical utility companies, philanthropic associations—what not. "All this in addition to his regular job with the General Electric Company . . . when all he wanted was a job where you could sit in the shade and just talk!"

McCoy tells a sort of radio bedtime story to illustrate why work is piled on Owen D. Young.

"Four years ago affairs in the radio field looked internationally squally. French, English, German and American radio interests were all struggling for supremacy in South America and the ugly knot was growing tighter and uglier every day. It had every one stumped. So they called in the man with the double-size hands.

"They sat around a long table in Paris—two men from England, two from

France, two from Germany, two from America. They argued and they argued. They talked and they talked. And they got nowhere. Finally Mr. Young, who had been mum as an oyster, spoke up. He had a suggestion if they didn't mind. 'All right, what is it?' they asked skeptically.

"He suggested that a trusteeship might solve the problem—putting all the various national interests in the hands of an international body which would protect all interests equitably, majority and minority alike. Simple, when you come to think it over—but nobody had thought of it before.

"They almost hugged him. The French delegates tried to kiss him, only they couldn't reach that high. They wanted him to be Chairman of the trusteeship. He refused, but he did name the Chairman—his friend Perkins of Boston. Things have run smoothly ever since.

"That's the one big international agreement that's been reached since the war ended in 1918,' says Gen. Harbord.

"Mr. Young came back from Paris and went fishing.

"Whenever they leave him alone for a minute, he does one of three things. He either takes the train for the old farm up there in Herkimer County, where his mother sits waiting for him, or he goes home and let's his kids tease the life out of him; or he goes fishing."

The German financial complex which he and General Dawes have gone abroad to analyze has had some of the smartest men in the world "licked" for five years. Can Dawes and Young solve that problem? Dawes has the same sort of thorough-going mind that Young has. Their common type of mind has a strong and most flattering light cast upon it by an anecdote which Young is fond of telling upon himself.

When he was sixteen, a freshman at St. Lawrence University, he thought he was so good at mathematics that he should be allowed to skip the first-year work and begin on the sophomore level. He approached Professor "Hank" Priest with a request for a special examination.

"All right," said Hank, "answer this one."

Whereat he wrote on the blackboard, "Two plus two equals four. Why?"

"Odie" Young stared at that question for a long time before he would admit he was stumped.

"Guess you'd better start me in at the bottom, Professor," said he.

It taught him a lesson. Ever since that day he has been approaching every problem from the why-is-two-and-two-equal-to-four? angle.

## A NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON

THE successor to Sir Auckland Geddes as British Ambassador is Sir Esme William Howard. With a Labor Government expected in London, he was Lord Curzon's last appointment. Since the success of Bryce, there had been an idea that a new world needed new diplomacy—some writer; or Allenby, who is known to the Sunday schools as the Conqueror of Palestine; but the careful Curzon was taking no such chances. He had his eye on the Communists. And he determined that whatever else went to wrack and ruin in the British Empire, there should be at least one sound aristocrat left—at

Washington! England may be Socialist, but she can still send the United States a Lafayette.

With Curzon, the Foreign Office quite agreed. That polite but proud department has always objected to interlopers taking the most spectacular posts, and among the elect Bryce was never forgiven for being such an unauthorized success. In Sir Esme Howard the diplomatic service will show that it can handle republics as easily as monarchies.

Gladstone used to describe himself as "an old Parliamentary hand." In international statecraft Sir Esme How-



ard is "the old hand." He has been at it continuously all his life. Born in 1863, he was educated for a public career at Harrow. His sister married the Lord Carnarvon of that day, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1885. Howard was his secretary and he gained his first experience, therefore, in Dublin. He is thus uncle of the Carnarvon who died at the portals of King Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb. And the Irish will set it to his credit that he stood for Parliament in 1892 as a Gladstonian Liberal and Home Ruler, but did not, however, win a seat. After that early mishap party politics did not interest him. He became a diplomat and only a diplomat.

He traveled. There was a year or two in Berlin. He fought as volunteer in the South African War. For a time he was Consul-General of Crete. Then he had a couple of years at the Embassy in Washington. He was next spirited away to Budapest. And, at last in 1911, he became Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland. There, as elsewhere, he did his duty with smooth efficiency, causing no friction and making no mistakes.

In 1913 Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British Minister to Sweden, had been promoted to Washington as Ambassador. Howard was appointed his successor at Stockholm, where he remained until 1919, his duty being to assist the Allies in maintaining the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries. Afterwards he became a full Ambassador—to Spain. And it is from Madrid that he now comes to the United States.

By pedigree he belongs to the family of which the Duke of Norfolk is head. That duke is the premier peer of the United Kingdom. He is the hereditary Earl Marshal without whose ceremonial help no king can be crowned, and he is also a Catholic. Howard belongs to a Protestant branch of the family and only became a Catholic on marriage. His home is Greystoke Castle near Penrith, in Cumberland; a county of moor, lake and mountain; full, too, of border legends and baronial

strongholds. The Howards have borne for centuries a great name in those regions, of which, however, the Ambassador himself as an official exile has seen but little since he was a young man.

In 1898 he married the Lady Maria Isabella Giovanna Gioacchina Giustipiani-Bandini of Rome. Such names, suggest that the bride was Italian and, in a sense, that is true. She belongs to the most exclusive of Italian nobility. Her brother is a prince; also the Duke of Montdragone in the Kingdom of Naples. But the Ambassadress is also English of the English! And the explanation is that she comes of a Jacobite family which fled from Britain with the Stuarts and settled in Rome. One of her ancestors was executed after the Young Pretender's rebellion of 1745, and it was only in 1857, a century later, that Parliament pardoned the rebel "loyalists" who were again granted British nationality. The aforesaid Duke of Montdragone is thus also Earl of Newburgh in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and the Lady Maria, when she was married, could claim to belong to two nations. She has five sons and all of them have yet to come of age.

The departure of Sir Auckland Geddes is a matter of regret. To put the case in a nutshell, the retina of his best seeing eye slipped and his sight was too seriously impaired for heavy diplomatic correspondence. There were those both in Washington and in Canada who criticised him over details. No one will wish to overlook his immense service in promoting Anglo-American amity. Coming to this country, he found the Irish in active agitation against Britain. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was also causing serious trouble. And the debt had still to be settled. All these matters and many others were adjusted during his term of office. His successor will have to deal with Canada's insistent demand for special representation at Washington and with the delicate negotiations which must arise over the proposal to develop the river St. Lawrence for seagoing ships.

## ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON'S PEN- PORTRAITS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

ONE of the richest of recent autobiographical memoirs is "Remembered Yesterdays" (Little, Brown), in which Robert Underwood Johnson, for forty years connected with the *Century Magazine* as associate-editor and editor-in-chief, tells of the men with whom he has come into vivid contact. This book is distinguished alike by its thoroughness and by its geniality, and it has a quality of leisureliness that is lacking in most of the literature of the present time. There were fewer magazines in the days when Robert Underwood Johnson and Richard Watson Gilder stood out as dominating figures, but the few that there were reflected the finest craftsmanship, the most careful consideration. The editorial staff of the *Century* and the writers drawn into active cooperation were a kind of literary priesthood ready to spend, if necessary, the last drop of blood on the work in hand.

Mr. Johnson speaks, for instance, of Gilder as a man who "was conscientious in everything, including a thoroughness of preparation on every subject he touched." It was Gilder who inspired the influential series of papers in the *Century* on "Siberia and the Exile System" by George Kennan. It was Gilder who brought to the magazine the "Life of Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay, for which Roswell Smith, first president of the Century Company, offered the authors a blank check, requesting them to fill it out. Of the physical Gilder Mr. Johnson writes:

"He was rather small and slight of stature, of olive complexion with fine dark hair and moustache, a graceful profile—like that of Keats as it appears in the life-mask—a noble head showing a bell-shaped line from the crown to the brow, and the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in a man, deep-set and of a soft, rich, velvety dark brown, like those of a fawn, but full of feeling and intelligence. He looked the poet he was, and as he was

unassertive some persons thought him weak. Little did they know the superb fighting powers that he displayed in many good causes. No one was capable of greater assimilation or development—he seemed to grow every day and by every contact—and no one commanded by well-balanced judgment greater influence in council."

Mark Twain is described as a strange contrast of traits. "On one hand he had the tenderest heart in the world, very sensitive to sorrow, of which he had much; and yet he was one of the hardest hitters and hardest haters in all literature, slashing Shelley and Cooper and Scott and Roosevelt unmercifully and raising his contempt of political opponents to the nth power." His pessimism, we are told, so grew upon him with successive bereavements that he became not only the most hopeless of men in regard to the future, but the most aggressively antagonistic to any theory, however unsectarian, that admitted the idea of a just God; and yet he gave abundant evidence of his reverence for the character of Jesus, and wrote many articles, serious or humorous, in support of humane and righteous causes. "It was always a joy to us," Mr. Johnson exclaims, "to see his rather short figure coming along the corridor of the *Century* editorial rooms, his head and shoulders swinging from side to side, for then we knew we were in for an hour of uproarious fun. How well I recall him! The shaggy pale blonde eyebrows which you noticed almost before the color of his bushy white hair; the nose, long and drooping in line; the firm, well-modeled chin; the full moustache, slow in whitening; and, most impressive of all, the small and piercing eyes. Of all the men I have known, he had the most intensive personality."

James Russell Lowell appealed to Mr. Johnson as a man who had time for the amenities of life. "Everything



about Lowell's appearance was refined. His hair and beard were of a silken texture, and the long, drooping moustaches, coming below the beard, gave him a distinction rare in this day of undistinguished personalities. He was a thorough-paced American, of the type that cares so much for his country that he deplores and would help amend her faults."

Walt Whitman, on the other hand, was a primitive. Lowell disliked him, and Dr. J. G. Holland, first editor of the *Century*, had gone so far as to lambaste "the old wretch" for his "smut," and to predict: "His art is a monster or a bastard, and will have no progeny." Mr. Johnson took a half-way position between those who depreciated and those who idolized Whitman. He gives us the following picture of the author of "Leaves of Grass," as he made his first public appearance in New York City with his lecture on Lincoln:

"The lecture was in a little hall before a meagre audience that had been gathered for him by a few friends. After the lecture he gave 'Captain, My Captain.' He sat while he read in a conversational tone, giving the impression of an invalid, though he was strong and large and had the rosy complexion of a baby. He wore gray and even then his long silken patriarchal beard and hair had whitened and he was one of the most picturesque figures among American men of letters, especially with his gray slouch hat. He was scrupulously neat, and wore his faultless rolling collar in Byron fashion and quite décolleté. Neither the dirge nor the address was delivered impressively; one was thinking more of the speaker than of the subject. Whitman regarded himself as an oracle, as indeed he had reason to do; but it was only when he got deep in discussion that he forgot himself, for he was always more or less of a *poseur*."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet, who dabbled in Socialism, is



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON AS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "CENTURY MAGAZINE" (1909-1913)

In this room in Union Square, New York, was originated the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

another of the principal figures in Mr. Johnson's portrait-gallery. He and William Dean Howells were both accustomed to make personal recognition of good work by younger men, and "put themselves out," so to speak, to find new and promising writers. The impression that Howells left on Mr. Johnson is conveyed in this passage:

"Howells came much to the *Century* office during the publication of what is now regarded as his best novel, 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' in which, I think, he first gave a substantial form in fiction to his well-known sympathies with common life and men. It seems a little strange that one who stood so strongly for a modified form of Socialism should not have made more of it in his novels. Perhaps his point of view would not have been so charming if it had been more propagandist, but one might have expected that the man who pleaded for the lives of the Chicago Anarchists would have done more in fiction to present the claims of the workingmen and the proletariat. The fact of it is, perhaps, that his sympathy came from the kindness of his heart and from his conclusions in his study, rather than from close contact with the laboring classes in their every-day life. He was not a slumming novelist.

"There was no one we were gladder to see than Mr. Howells. He suggested Charles Lamb. He had a kindly word for everybody, and his conversation was as good as a book, better than most books. He had a sympathetic smile and, instead of a laugh, a chuckle, with full enjoyment of his own fun."

Theodore Roosevelt, we learn, was a frequent visitor to the offices of the *Century Magazine*. One of his first visits, in company with Henry Cabot Lodge, occurred during his service in the New York State Legislature. He was in his usual high spirits, and was telling humorous stories of the Assembly, including the well-known incident of the Tammany politician who, when informed that something was unconstitutional, asked, "What's a little thing like the constitootion betune fri'nds?" At Mr. Gilder's suggestion,

he gathered up this anecdote and others into an article, which appeared in the magazine. "He won us all," Mr. Johnson declares, "by his humor and his democratic spirit. I think few persons were ever able to maintain an attitude of hostility to Roosevelt in his presence. You might disapprove of him in theory, but could not fail to be attracted to him face to face."

In 1886 Roosevelt ran for Mayor of New York City in a three-cornered contest in which Henry George participated, and was badly defeated. He came to the *Century* office for sympathy. After talking a little while about the campaign, he said to Mr. Johnson, "I do not disguise from myself that this is the end of my political career." Mr. Johnson argued against him, but he was neither to be convinced nor to be comforted, and said again, "Oh no, no, this is the end of my political career."

Twenty years later, Mr. Johnson, returning from Europe, made the acquaintance of Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, who had seen much of Roosevelt during the period of his governorship of New York State. In the course of conversation Mr. Johnson happened to mention the above incident to Mrs. Oliver, who, quite surprised, turned to him and said, "I know that is true, because the words are almost exactly those used by Mr. Roosevelt after his nomination for the Vice-Presidency at Philadelphia."

Francis Thompson said that the poet Shelley was always a boy, and it seems to Mr. Johnson that one of the most fascinating, as well as the most dangerous, things in the character of Roosevelt was that he retained in many ways the point of view of a young man. He writes further:

"Roosevelt's career left us great sources of pride in him: his personal integrity, his courage, his patriotism and his recklessness of consequences to himself—all qualities that he stimulated in others. We shall never cease to feel—and to profit by—the momentum of his tremendous personality."

# PRESENT TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE ASSAILED

THE fact that in one recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review* three of the ablest of our American men of letters assailed current literary tendencies, may be taken as a significant sign of a prevailing mood. The War has left us restless and iconoclastic. Creative writers are felt to be doing to themselves much less than justice. Readers feel themselves ill-nourished on a diet which features the exciting, rather than the enlightening.

The first of the three critics in the *Times* is Hamlin Garland, who confesses that the "young radicals" in fiction and the drama have driven him—temporarily—into the ranks of the conservatives. He quotes from an article, "The Red Lamp in the Theatre," in the *Theatre Magazine*, as follows:

"In better, saner times the red light symbolized danger—a leprous spot to avoid. In America we are more progressive. There are no red lights in our side streets, but they burn—even more brightly—on our stage! The prostitute—that is the character our rapid-fire, up-to-date dramatist prefers to exploit for the fattening of his bank account. The youth just out of college, the virgin of blushing sixteen is shown the life of the harlot in all its unsavory, hideous details."

He goes on to point out that the woman libertine is in process of glorification in book as well as in play.

Mr. Garland thinks that a great part of the vulgarity and immorality of our present literary output may be traced to increasing European influence. "I am led to remark," as he puts it, "that we cannot leave out of the problem the fact that for many years we have maintained an open gate toward Europe. We have permitted almost unrestricted immigration from the Old World with the result that we have, in all our large towns and cities, huge masses of undigested alien citizens whose presence

is our greatest problem in education." He continues:

"A recent statement puts the number of illiterates at nearly 2,000,000. Other millions can write and read a little. That this enormous population of foreign-born city dwellers has profoundly affected our moving-picture industry, our stage, our press and our fiction is incontestable. It may be said that the moving-picture house is their school, the illustrated paper their text-book. That they should also come to influence the publisher of fiction is inevitable.

"In short, our fiction and our drama are in process of being Europeanized. The themes and the methods of treatment are increasingly alien to our tradition. Since the war the number of our writers who are imitating the French, the Norwegian and the Russian has notably increased. Half the plays on our stage this



HE WARNS AGAINST A DISTORTED REALISM Theodore Dreiser, shown here in a caricature drawn for the *New York Times* by Wyncle King, declares that our novelists make a big mistake when they concentrate on the dark, the dank and the ugly. "Life in America is not like that."

year are said to be adaptations of farces from Vienna and Paris and several of our younger novelists are bringing to our fiction that eroticism which has so long been the peculiar province of 'the French novel.' In others the brutal plainness of speech of certain Scandinavian writers and the pessimistic animalism of modern Russian novelists appear, while many of the English novels imported by our publishers are of the decadent quality of Matisse and Archipenko. Design is lost. The sense of humor, which should be a corrective, is absent. It would seem that we are importing the vices and not the virtues of Old World art."

The second of the *Times* critics, Theodore Dreiser, though himself iden-

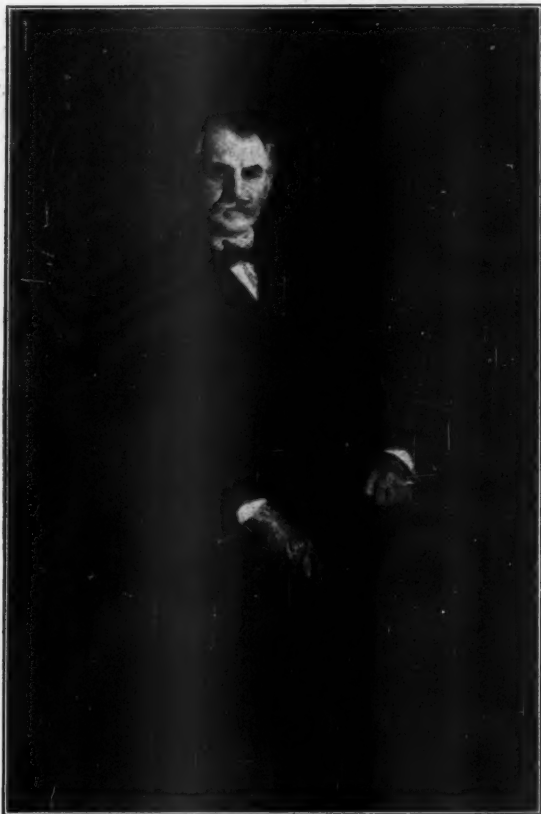
tified with "realism," admits that much of the current fiction described by that name is of little value. It is his opinion that present-day writers who set out to write novels of realism often end by ignoring life entirely. He cites Evelyn Scott's "Narrow House," Henry K. Marks' "Undertow" and Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles," and proceeds to comment:

"The first peoples her book with characters that show an intense poverty of physical comforts and a bitter poverty of soul. All hate each other, and they continue living together. It's like locking a lot of people into a pen and torturing them. If that is typical of the United States, I never saw it. It may be true of other countries, but it's not true here.

"The same is true of 'Undertow.' The children hate the father, the father hates the children, all hate themselves. They continue to live in a weird dark cellar of life, groping about in anguish, yet not making any effort to get out of the dark and of the terror. Now I may be as ignorant as a pig, but again I say that is not American realism.

"Ben Hecht does the same. It's as though these people consciously made up their minds not to give a picture—a realistic picture—of American life, but to paint something dark and somber and drab and call that realism. And they paint on a ten-inch canvas."

The third of the *Times* critics, John Erskine, Professor of English at Columbia University, finds a grain of comfort in the fact that some of the novels now widely read, while "not exactly pleasant," show a sense of deep things and a serious purpose. It may be, he suggests, that our critics are more to blame than our novelists for tendencies admitted by all to be demoralizing. In this connection he writes:



From a painting by Louis Betts

#### HE BELIEVES IN CENSORSHIP

Hamlin Garland admits that the "young radicals" in fiction and the drama have driven him—temporarily—into the ranks of the conservatives.

"I think our criticism the weakest part of recent American literature. From the elder generation we have had a few admirable critics still with us, but they have rarely said much about the new books. One critic of the first order, George Santayana, has won recognition in the last ten years; but he was already a distinguished philosopher, and he is the product of European rather than American culture. I mention him less to praise his beautiful writing than to remark that the growing appreciation of his work is quite the best hope I know for our art of criticism. Is it possible that we shall imitate his serene courtesy, his precision, his justice of word and phrase, his gift for seeing the subject in its largest relations? Two or three younger men follow his example with variations—Stuart P. Sherman, acute and vigorous defender of the Puritan tradition (Middle Western style); Carl Van Doren, the most competent historian of recent American fiction, and Van Wyck Brooks, a less vigorous, even at times a plaintive, champion of the life of reason. Not many of our critics besides these—and I have taken a liberty in counting in Mr. Santayana—are at all distinguished for competence of style, for any wide acquaintance with books, nor for the temper that makes criticism just or profitable. For the rest, criticism has become with us a form of propaganda or a form of book advertising. Among the propagandists friend praises friend and foe knifes foe; 'tell me the name of the author and the name of the reviewer and I'll tell you what will be the review—no need to read the book.'"

Mr. Garland believes in censorship, but states that, in the largest sense, "it all comes down to a question of education." Professor Erskine feels the need of more intelligent critics and readers without telling us how to get either. Mr. Dreiser thinks that a big step forward will be made when we escape from the thralldom of English influence. "Who," he asks, "are the reigning American novelists of today?" He answers: H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan. Then he says:

"That's what's put the damper on our own realists. England which writes in



HE SAYS THAT CRITICISM IS THE WEAKEST PART OF OUR NATIONAL WRITING

Professor Erskine, of Columbia University, finds that "the puffing of books is so overdone that the public has learnt to protect itself."

English doesn't do certain things. Therefore we can't do them. That's simple. And yet if we had any sense we'd appreciate that England is not famous for her realistic interpretation of herself.

"Right now England is as poor as we in literature. And yet, and yet, we take our cue from her. Not from France and not from Russia. Not the Russia of the present, if you please, but the Russia of yesterday, the Russia of the great realists. Realism isn't one thing, it is many things.

"Turgenev gives you one picture, sombre but full; Gogol another, a laughing one; Tolstoy worked in pain and gives you a novel like Anna Karenina, which is a moral bellyache; Dostoyevski paints with a feeling of amazement that things can be as they are; Tchekoff is interested in the artistic problem. Each, however, spares himself no toil in making the picture complete and true.

"But we, we can't do this thing. We can't. Our god is respectability and he says certain things aren't done, or if done aren't spoken about."



## WHITEWASHING ROBERT BURNS

TWO recent books\* are devoted to the glorification of Robert Burns not only as poet, but as man. The author of the first, Andrew Dakers, describes Burns as a "great lover," a "guide of the race," the "greatest spiritual force revealed in English literature during the nineteenth century." The author of the second, J. L. Hughes, declares that the purpose of his book is to show that "Burns was well educated," and both in his poems and in his letters was "an unsurpassed exponent of the highest ideals yet expressed of religion—democracy based on the value of the individual soul, brotherhood, love and the philosophy of human life."

Each of these writers goes fully into the love-affairs of Robert Burns, and each tries to prove that Burns, despite the unquestioned record of his philanthropies and illegitimate offspring, was somehow an ethical figure pioneering a new sex ethics.

It is all, according to Arthur Maurice in the *New York Herald*, "fudge and fiddlesticks." Were the subject of these eulogies alive to-day, Mr. Maurice asserts, he would probably writhe and break into blasphemous utterance. Mr. Maurice recalls that twenty years ago an English critic, T. W. H. Crosland, in a book called "The Unspeakable Scot," summed up Burns as "simply an incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism." Mr. Crosland went on to say:

"Burns, every Scotchman tells you, and tells you truly, has played no small part in molding the sentiments and tendencies of the Scotch people as we know them. It was he who gave them their first notion of bumptious independence; it was he who taught them that 'a man's a man for a' that'—which, on the whole, is a monstrous fallacy; it was he who averred that whisky and freedom gang together, and it was he who gave the countenance of song to shameful and squalid sexuality."

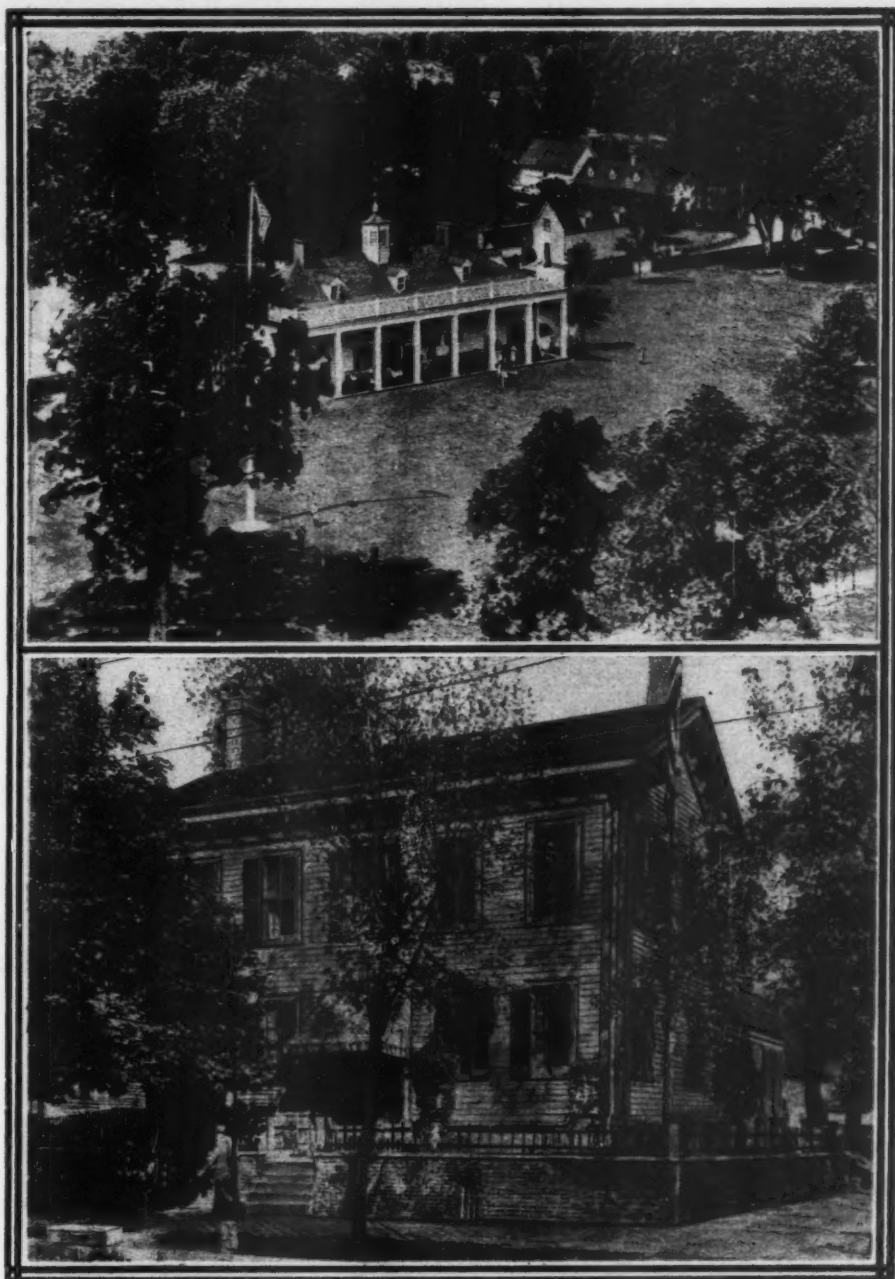
This characterization of Burns was, of course, absurd—just as absurd in going to one extreme as the two new books are in going to the other. Robert Burns was something much greater than Mr. Crosland imagined, just as he is something quite different from the plaster saint of the later interpretations. Mr. Maurice proceeds:

"No one who has not spent some time in the Burns country can ever fully understand the strength of the Burns tradition. For that it is necessary to know the High street of Ayr, where a bit of Tom o' Shanter's tavern still stands, and the two brigs, the auld and the new, and Alloway kirk, and the banks of bonnie Doon, and Poesie Nancy's tavern at Mauchline, where the grim landlady of to-day probably will make comment of Bonny Jean that she was 'nae so bonny after all.' It is necessary to have heard the sentiment that the two best bits of work ever accomplished in Scotland within a single span of sunlight were the Battle of Bannockburn and the poem 'Tam o' Shanter.' It is necessary to have heard in public houses in Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire the poems of Burns roll richly and freely from lips otherwise totally illiterate. Yes, the Burns tradition still holds in Scotland, and for good and not for ill, as Mr. Crosland contended."

But, granting the scandals of Burns' career—his sexual errors and tendencies to alcoholic excess—what do they matter now, some hundred and odd years after? Burns was of the race, Mr. Maurice truly observes, whom we love not *because of*, but *despite of*. His name and his fame are secure. There are said to be more American literary and reading clubs founded in his name and devoted to the study and enjoyment of his poetry than are dedicated to the memory of any other author, not even excluding Shakespeare and Browning. Japan is interested in him, and even China, so it is reported, has taken him up and sees in him a new revelation of the light that shone in the seer of twenty-five centuries ago, Lao-Tzu.

\* ROBERT BURNS: His Life and Genius. By Andrew Dakers. Dutton.

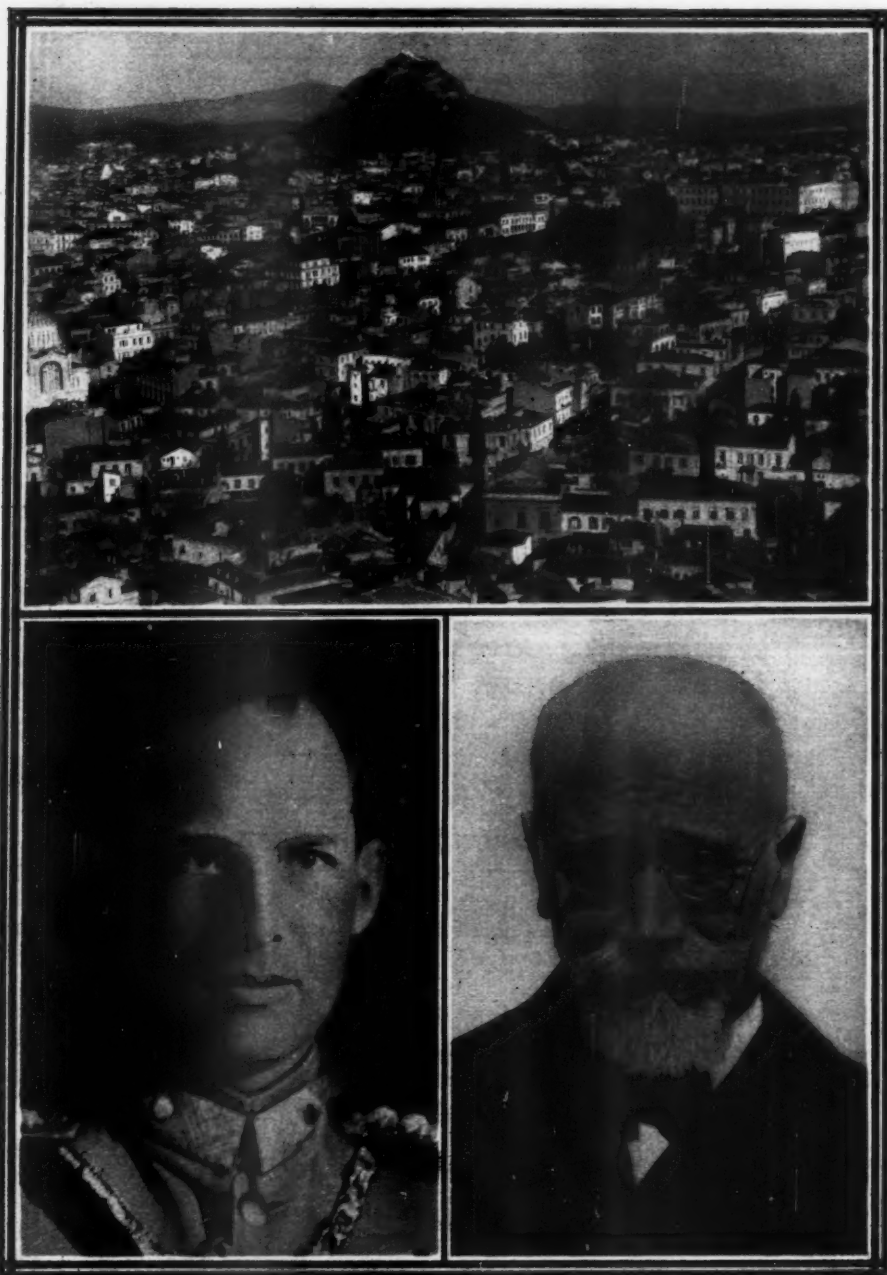
THE REAL ROBERT BURNS. By J. L. Hughes, LL.D. Stokes.



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**TWO HOMES SACRED TO AMERICAN MEMORY**

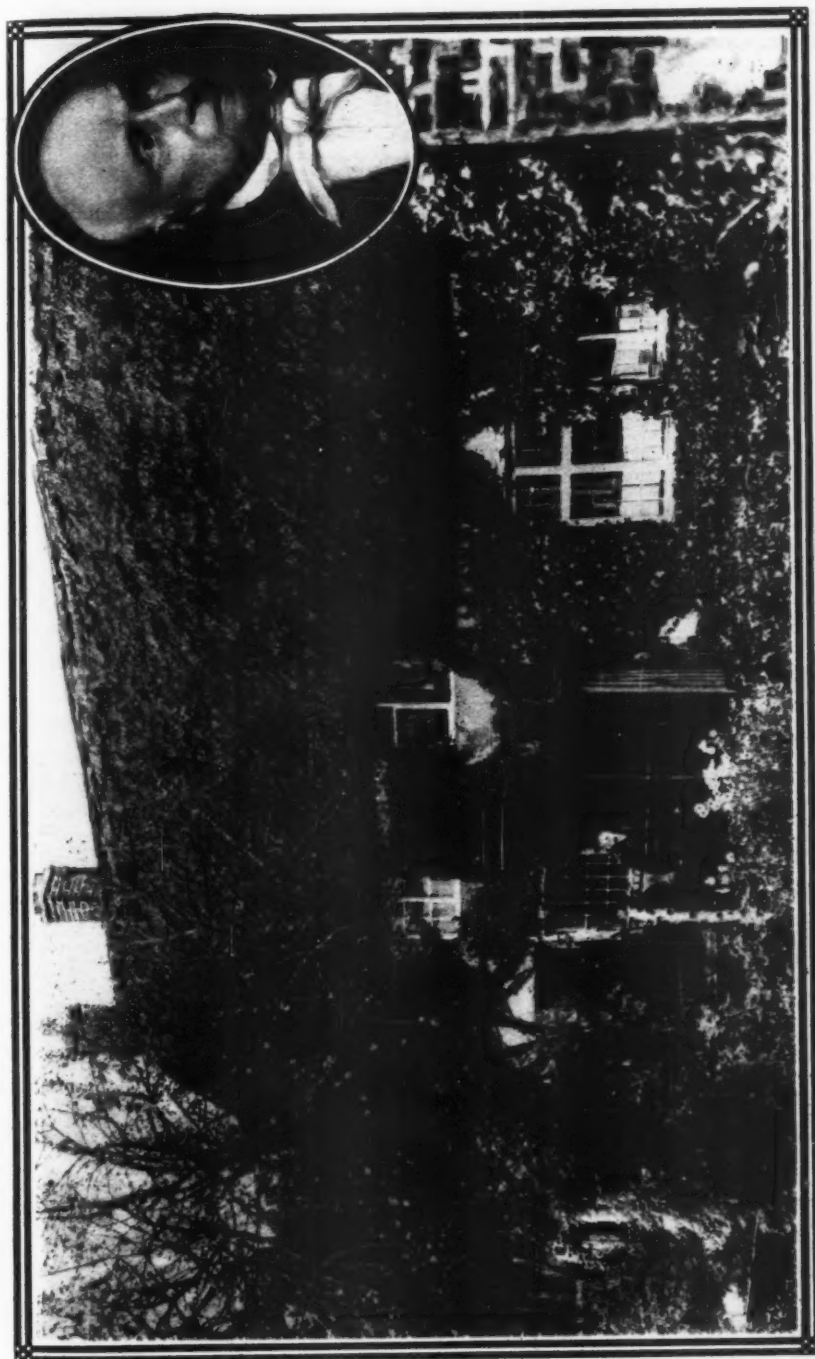
(Above) Airplane view of Mount Vernon, the Virginia home of Washington.  
(Below) The Lincoln residence at Springfield, Ill.



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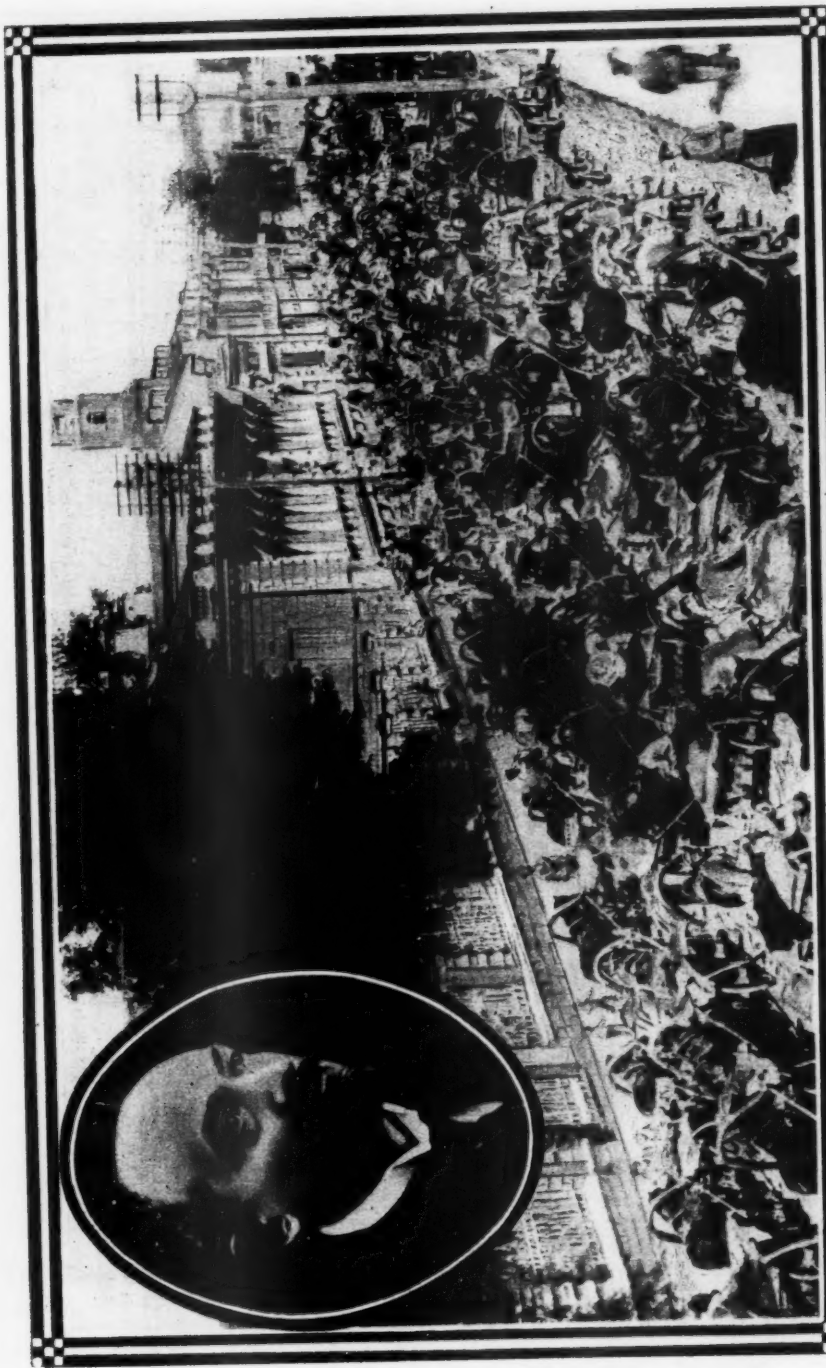
**ATHENS SEES A CHANGE OF RULERS OVER GREECE**

Eleutherios Venizelos (lower right) is called back to form a new Government for the Hellenes, while ex-King George II. (lower left) is exiled in Roumania.



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ANCESTRAL HOME, AT FLORS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND, OF OUR SECOND AND SIXTH PRESIDENTS  
It has been bought for \$4,000 by the Sulgrave Institution to be preserved in memory of John Adams and of his son, John Quincy Adams, whose portrait (inset) accompanied Col. Harvey on his return to private life.



© United—Wide World

**RUSSIAN PEASANTS CART IN THEIR INCOME TAXES**  
Ukrainian farmers find produce more handy than rouble notes to transport; while Soviet Minister Tchitcherin (inset) disavows the Third International, in seeking American recognition.





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**WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD**

\$1 rent has been paid for the use next June of this Cleveland, Ohio, auditorium. W. M. Butler (left) directs the Coolidge campaign. Frank H. Hitchcock (right) leads the (Hiram) Johnson forces.



© Pictorial Press—P. & A.

**ENGLAND'S SECRET PATRIOTIC "ORDER OF CRUSADERS" IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY**

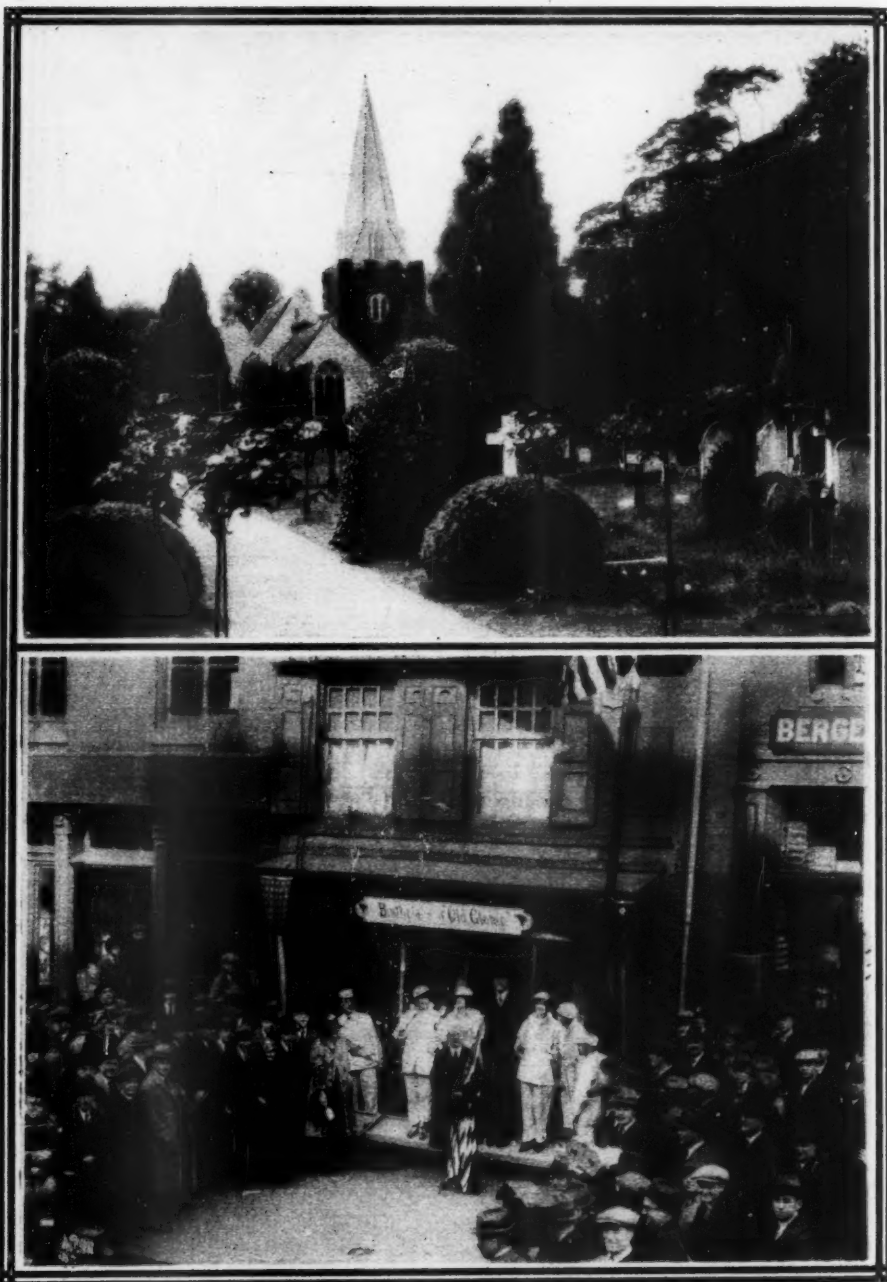
Its chief is the Unknown Soldier. Other leaders (below) are General Sir Edward Bethune, Col. Faber and Sir Charles Wakefield wearing the regalia of the Order.



© Harris & Ewing—Wide World

**CONTRASTING NEWS EVENTS IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL**

(Above) President and Mrs. Coolidge hold their first reception at the White House.  
(Below) Farm-Labor Senator Magnus Johnson is defeated by Secretary Wallace in a "bucksaw-milking contest."



© Keystone—International

WHERE GRAY'S ELEGY WAS WRITTEN; AND OLD GLORY WAS MADE  
The "Ivy-Mantled Tower" of St. Giles (above), at Stoke Poges, England, is crumbling.  
(Below) The "fire-trap" Betsy Ross house, in Philadelphia, is promised removal to Fairmount Park.

## A PUBLISHER WHO SAW HIS DREAMS COME TRUE

ONE of the really distinguished Americans of our time passed on when Thomas Bird Mosher died in Portland, Maine, last August. This man, "whose name," as a recent writer, Frederick A. Pottle, puts it in the New York *Evening Post*, "was known in San Francisco and London, in Bombay and Sydney, the publisher of the finest series of editions ever produced in America, and whose work as a whole surpasses anything since the Kelmescott Press," touched the lives of thousands to finer issues. When we think of him, we think not in terms of death, but in terms of living and active growth. From lovers of his work all over the world has come the demand that his books be reissued, and it is good to know that, in accordance with his wish, his business will go on. No new titles, it seems, will ever be added, but those books which still find a sale will be kept in print in exactly the form which he gave them. There is also a plan for the reissue, in facsimile, of the unique *Bibelot* which he published every month for twenty years.

Mr. Mosher is well described as the pioneer in the making of beautiful and inexpensive reprints of not-easily-accessible masterpieces of literature. Today, Mr. Pottle reminds us, the advertising pages of our periodicals shriek with the proclamations of cheap classics. But "all those who know the Mosher books know that as he was a pioneer, so was he always in a class by himself. Mere cheapness he abhorred. Expensive books he would not make. In choosing titles he was guided by only one principle: whether he loved the book or not. Every book he made a work of art, lavishing on it every attention to make it perfect in size and shape, in texture of paper, in type, in binding. And these exquisite things he sold for the price of ordinary books."

One of the striking facts in connec-

tion with the career of Thomas B. Mosher is that he never had anything but an elementary school education and was taken out of school at the age of fourteen. Another is that he acquired his first enthusiasm for literature on shipboard. He was born in Biddeford, Maine, in 1852. His father, who was a sea captain, snatched him from his environment, took him on voyages, and supplied him with one short shelfful of books—all good. "I shall never again read books," he wrote, years afterward, "as I once read them in my early seafaring, when all the world was young, when the days were of tropic splendor, and the long evenings were passed with my books in a lonely cabin dimly lighted by a primitive oil lamp, while the ship was plowing through the boundless ocean on its weary course around Cape Horn."

These days of adventure were over all too soon, and we hear of young Mosher, next, back in his native State, in Portland, settling down to the life of a landsman. He entered, in 1871, the publishing business as a clerk in the store at 45 Exchange Street, over which his office was afterward located. The dream of publishing beautiful books had already taken possession of him, but was not destined to be fulfilled until twenty years later. In the meantime, he had to be content with his humble position as a hard-working bookkeeper for a firm whose principal publications were commercial stationery and law reports.

For a year or two he left Portland, returning to enter the partnership of a firm which absorbed the business for which he had previously worked. "I had made a failure of business," he said, "and I had to borrow money to go into business. The man who lent it to me thought he would lose it, but he lent it to me because he loved me."

Then at last, in 1891, he went into



business for himself, and set his feet on the path which was to lead him into international fame. The idea that he had in mind was one of reprinting neglected masterpieces in contemporary literature, and the first issue from his press was George Meredith's "Modern Love"—at that time all but unknown outside of the Meredith cult. It has sometimes been asked: Why, of all the books that he had to choose from, did he choose this? The answer is that, apart from the appeal which the sonnet sequence, as a whole, made to him, there was an image in the last line that must have reminded him of his sea experience and that gripped his mind by reason of its symbolism. It is this:

To throw that faint, thin line upon the shore.

Richard Le Gallienne has testified to the grateful surprise and curiosity with which in London he received a copy of the Mosher reprint of "Modern Love," and tells us that the publication of Andrew Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette," which soon followed, would have seemed even more exotic, if he had known of it.

Andrew Lang protested against what he regarded as an act of literary "piracy," but won little sympathy. More and more, English authors came to feel that it was actually an honor to be "pirated" by Thomas B. Mosher. One writer at least—William Sharp in his dual capacity as Sharp and as "Fiona Macleod"—may be said to owe his American reputation to his association with the "Mosher Books."

There were other English writers, such as Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, Swinburne, Arthur Symonds and Maurice Hewlett, whose genius shone with a bright luster in the publications of Mr. Mosher. He venerated the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and considered the greatest achievement of his career to be not his *Bibelot*, by which he is best known, but the reproduction of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The *Bibelot*, which means, strictly

speaking, "a small and curious article of virtu or object of art," was designed to catch the fragmentary beauties that the larger books missed, and appeared with the following cover in red and black print on gray-blue paper:

## The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry  
and Prose for Book  
Lovers, chosen in part  
from scarce editions and  
sources not generally  
known . . . .

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher  
and Published by him at 45 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine

MDCCCXCV-MDCCCXCIV

It dealt with beautiful verse by the masters of song; with treasuries of delicate or virile prose; with interpretations of life and letters and art; with jewellery work in words; and once was described by William Marion Reedy as "an encyclopedia of the literature of rapture with the spirit of beauty." Mr. Mosher wrote prefaces for most of the issues of the *Bibelot*. These exquisite forewords, Mr. Pottle assures us, contain the passion and rapture of his talk, but not the humor, the sunny irony, the racy, colloquial quality of his conversation. "The gleam of his eye is there, but not the twinkle."

The catalogues of Thomas B. Mosher were almost as revealing as his books and booklets. "I can only do a few things well," he wrote in a foreword to the catalogue issued in 1921, "and I

do not have any choice in the matter." He added:

"To you who would really know what lies deepest in my heart let me say I want to awake a passion for the language of the absolute which from the reading of my books is discoverable in ever-living beauty. For the language of the absolute is a universal voice. This may happen in prose as well as in verse; and it is the consummation of all art. You can find it in works so far apart in style, in meaning, as in 'Leaves of Grass,' 'Marius the Epicurean,' 'The Kasidah.'

"If a man lacks this passion or has lost faith in it, he should occupy himself with something else.—Nothing else in art or literature is worth having. Such an everlasting gospel I can neither forego nor forget."

Mr. Mosher himself is described as a thick-set man with a pleasant voice and a gentle, almost shy, manner. He "was entirely unknown to a great majority of the people of Portland," his friend, Charles Dunn, Jr., declares in the *Publishers' Weekly* (New York); "he lived a life withdrawn from most of the ordinary modern activities." This writer continues:

"To Mr. Mosher's desk at Number Forty-five (his business office) came thousands of scarce and priceless books, searched for and found for him in all the book marts of the world. He was, in the best sense, a collector of rare and beautiful books in *belles-lettres*, not for the satisfaction of owning them only, for from the rarest and scarcest of these were made the 'Mosher Reprints.' To obtain the best edition of a rare book of limited issue, having an authentic text and, perhaps, the author's annotations in the margins, and to edit and reprint such a book in a beautiful manner, and to offer it to a wider reading public at an always reasonable price, was an example of the great service which Thomas B. Mosher did for his countrymen and for the world of booklovers at large.

"So in a lifetime of gathering so many choice volumes Mr. Mosher has accumulated a wonderful library of his own particular kind: the best, perhaps, in America, perhaps the best in the world. A large



A CREATIVE PUBLISHER

Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, embodied in his books the kind of creative spirit that an artist puts into a painting or a poet into a poem. His work as a printer surpasses anything since the Kelm&Scott Press.

number of these far-sought volumes remained upon the book-lined shelves of Number Forty-five. In the midst of these books, sitting before the log fire in the old-fashioned fireplace, listening to Mr. Mosher's talk of men and books and his own unique experience as a book hunter, partaking of his genial humor, and enjoying his occasional satirical comment, is a memory which some men and women who now survive and mourn—and yet are glad that they knew this room and him who by his genius and presence made it unlike any other room in the world—will cherish through the remainder of life.

"The great library, however, was at Mr. Mosher's home in the Deering district. It is an ample home, built on generous lines, where a charming household maintains the best traditions of American family life. Here Mr. Mosher pursued his serious literary studies, working habitually into the small hours of the morning, secure from noisy interruption of every kind, alone with that peculiar genius with which from birth he was generously endowed and from which he gave to the world of his best."

## AN AMERICAN CRITIC HONORED

THE announcement that the annual award of \$2,000 given for service to letters by the *Dial* magazine went last year to Van Wyck Brooks has served to call attention to the work of a critic who, while not very widely known, has done significant thinking. It is likely to come as a surprise even to those who keep closely in touch with American literature to learn that Mr. Brooks is the author of seven books. The first, published in 1908, is entitled "The Wine of the Puritans." It insists that all great art is national, and makes the statement: "A man's work is more the product of his race than of his art, for a man may supremely express his race without being an artist, while he cannot be a supreme artist without expressing his race." The next three books published by Mr. Brooks deal with John Addington Symonds, H. G. Wells and three European writers, Obermann, Maurice de Guérin and Amiel, whom he groups under the title,

"The Malady of the Ideal." In 1915 came "America's Coming of Age"; in 1918, "Letters and Leadership," and in 1920, his study of Mark Twain. These three books, according to Mary M. Colum, writing in the *Dial*, represent, up to the present, his finest and most original work. "In them," she says, "he contributes, not a new critical theory like Taine, but a new critical point of view like Lessing." This point of view is bound up in what he regards as the conflict between prudence and the creative spirit. It has been, he thinks, the great tragedy of American cultural development that, so far, prudence has won.

Mr. Brooks applies his point of view most convincingly in his study of Mark Twain, a work in which, as Mrs. Colum puts it, he evolves a new method by grafting on the methods of Taine and Sainte Beuve the discoveries of psychoanalysis. His object here is to show that Mark Twain was intended by nature to be a sort of American Rabelais and instead became involved in the "popular complex of the Gilded Age" in which one was required not merely to forego one's individual tastes and beliefs, but positively to cry up the beliefs and tastes of the herd.

Whitman alone, of American writers, was different, "because by releasing, or tending to release, the creative faculties of the American mind, he broke the pioneer law of self-preservation." Whitman, for Mr. Brooks, fulfills what he calls the function of the poet in the most primitive sense of the word—a man who gives to the nation a certain focal center in the consciousness of its own character. Whitman is in fact for him what none of the other great American writers, except Emerson, approach to being—a leader.

Van Wyck Brooks is thirty-eight years old, was born in Plainfield, N. J., and lives in Westport, Conn. He was at one time an associate editor of *The Seven Arts*. He is at present one of the editors of *The Freeman*.



VAN WYCK BROOKS

Who has won the latest of the \$2,000 prizes offered by the New York *Dial* for service to letters. The prize was given in 1921 to Sherwood Anderson and in 1922 to T. S. Elliot.

# TOWERS OF FAME

In Which Eric, the Indifferent, Finds Love in the Hostile City of Hate

By ELIZABETH IRONS FOLSOM

Illustrations by John R. Neill

HE raised his voice to bar interruption.

"You cannot tell anything about any one. Romance survives where you least expect it. Would you look for it in Eric Hall, for instance? Would you suspect him of Romance?"

"Well, hardly," said one of the listeners. "Not that calculating, cold man—all indifference. Just to make your point, don't try to prove that he has known sentiment."

"More than most men," replied Kent. "I have a notion to tell you about him. I will tell you. Come closer, Janet—all of you, to hear the unbelievable."

"About Judge Eric Hall who knows only power—fame!" They laughed.

"Yes, about him."

"How do you happen to know?"

"He told me."

"Did he expect you to tell?"

"Heaven knows what a man expects when he babbles."

Dinner was over; coffee was being served in the big, candlelit drawing-room. The guests had made little intimate groups; some one at the piano at the far end of the room touched half strains between talk and laughter. The group in the deep window drew closer to Kent, as per invitation, and made themselves comfortable.

"'Babbles' is what I said," went on the speaker, rolling a cigaret with deliberation, "but that is the wrong word. We were old friends; in fact, I was responsible for the whole thing, for I had talked about the queer town in one of the middle Western states. Eric is the kind who always wants to know, so when he happened to be in that part of the State he hired a

THAT Judge Eric Hall, the outstanding character in this story, was susceptible to the tender passion or had ever been a romantic person, was inconceivable to his fellow townsmen. But strange things happen in fiction, as well as in life, and this tale, which we find in McClure's, is one of them. It is given a high rating by the O. Henry Memorial Committee.

car and drove out to see for himself."

"I've heard of that town," declared Janet eagerly. "There is no other like it, is there?"

Kent passed over the question.

"I'll tell it exactly as he told me.

I'm sure I can. I could not forget it. He had driven ten miles through dust and wind with a thunderstorm rolling up ahead of him—purple storm with green fringe on it—the kind they have out there. He was whacking along when he caught sight of a sign by the roadside. He stopped and backed his car to read it. It said—I remember it exactly—it said:

*Smoking, drinking, profanity, forbidden as you pass through this town.*

*You have no right to pollute the air.*

*Most people are bad. Most people lie, steal, and drink.*

"OH! Truly!" gasped Janet.

"It was what Eric was looking for—the entrance to the town of fanatics. There was a blank-looking group of houses marked at intervals by tall, white-board signs—black letters on a white ground. He drove slowly. It was Sunday and the stillness was absolute. There was a building that might be a hotel—on the veranda were vacant chairs tilted against the rail; a few shops, gray with closed doors; houses gray, too, all with doors shut tight, curtains made to screen. The main street, three or four blocks long, was deserted. At a far corner a man appeared, took a look at the coming car, and stepped out of sight. A woman who came out on her porch, slipped back, and shut the door sharply. She was gray, too—clothes and hair; the distant man had seemed gray—a brown-gray, like the dust that whirled.

"He stopped the car again to read an-



JUST AS THE STORM'S VIOLENCE BROKE AROUND THEM, ROMANCE CROSSED THE STREET IN FRONT OF HIS CAR

other sign, this one as large as a house front, full of preachment, repeating the words that he had first read:

*Most people are bad. They lie, steal, and drink.*

*No outside people or institutions wanted here.*

*The dance is of the devil.*

*The theaters are devil-begotten.*

*Most people are bad. They lie, steal, and drink.*

"AS he stood reading, he was conscious that men had appeared in the streets ahead of him and behind him. They fitted the houses—brown-gray, closed, shut

tight. They walked slowly, eyes on the ground, but, as they passed him, he had a look from each. The looks were alike: ominous—hate snapped out at him from under briefly raised lids. Each face had a set mouth, with slashes down from its corners. Each head that turned slightly had—menace—hostile promises.

"The storm was breaking: a flash of lightning swept down the street; thunder crashed; for a moment the wind ceased—it hung aloof and the calm was thick with the brown-gray of the town—with deep silence. A desert plain, a skiff alone on the ocean, would have been more friendly, he said."



"Where is the Romance?" someone asked, as Kent stopped.

"It's at hand. It crossed the street in front of his car just as the wind came tearing like a railroad train. He saw her face for an instant before it caught her. Well, folks—I can't tell you how Eric spoke of her face. He forgot that he had ever seen a court-room or a law-office; or had known indifference or ambition. He said to me—I can see him as he rapped the table and forgot he was speaking—"The face of that girl, Kent!" And—can you believe it of Eric?—he went on: 'Do you remember Raphael's peasant girl? The one with parted lips and queer, asking eyes? She was exactly like her. The wind took her sunbonnet away. She had two long braids of hair. She stopped and stared at me, her long, brown-gray skirt twisting about her little flat shoes. Then she ran on, clutching her braids, and a near door slammed after her.'

"THE wind was on then; the few trees bent before it. The rain was close. There was no protection and, acting on impulse, he drove the car back of the huge sign. It was a shield from the wind and a slight protection against the slanting rain.

"Eric said it had been years since he had seen a Western storm, where it lets loose and whoops 'er up. He was half blinded with the lightning; he could hear the smash of small buildings; the rattling scurry of débris blown by the wind. His own shelter shivered, creaked. It was braced strongly from the back, but he thought it more than likely that it would go. Across the street he heard one go down with a splitting thud.

"But as he waited, he was conscious, he said, only of the girl who was somewhere in that strange town. I'd like to have had you—you people who think you know Eric—watch him as he told me this. There was not a drop of blood in his body—to judge from the color of his face; his fingers twitched. He talked because he had to talk to some one, I guess. He was not self-sufficient just then."

"Hm-m," said some one. "I don't get him in that rôle and still I do, too, in a way: the force in him could be applied as well to an—er—infatuation as to anything else. I suppose it *was* an infatuation, eh, Kent? They are strange things, but they wear off."

"Go on," said Janet.

"He said that he sat there in the car while the wind bent his board protection and the rain came in sheets. He was wet through from the spray where it struck the outer edge of the car. He sat and watched pictures of that girl's face: they came through the rain; came into the lightning; came everywhere. He was half conscious, he said, absorbed in the new thing.

"Out of that state of mind—he told a lot about that; it seemed to puzzle him as it does us now—he was startled by a new gale of wind, a close splitting of boards, the shriek of wood parting from wood at his elbow; and then the whole great shield tottered, swayed, resisted, swayed again, and came down over him. He ducked his head. A moment later he discovered that, in falling, the sign had gone into some trees standing close and was held there, in half-tent fashion, so that it protected him from the rain. Then he saw, too, some one clinging to the slanting edge of the shield. He leaped from the car and caught her as she fell.

"Her clothes were dripping with water; there was a trickle of blood down one cheek. But she was not unconscious and she struggled in his arms. He made her sit down on the running-board of the car. Then he asked her if she was hurt and she shook her head. He asked her how she happened to be there back of the sign and she shook her head again. He sat down beside her and watched her. He spoke to me about 'filling his eyes with her for the rest of his life'—and other things that Eric would not have said normally—or if he had not been—er—infatuated. That was the word, wasn't it?

"THEY sat there a long time without speaking, and she kept her eyes closed. The wind died away, but the rain persisted—a steady downpour; the green-gray of the storm daylight changed into the black-gray of steady rain. He waited.

"When she opened her eyes, he asked again how she happened to be there. After much urging she answered him.

"They turned me out of the house," she said.

"Turned you out!" he repeated, incredulously. "In this storm! From your home! Why? What had you done?"

"I had stopped and looked at you," she answered simply.

"What?" Eric put force into the word when he spoke it.

"I had looked at you. Stopped and looked. It was a sin. After that, I could not be allowed to live with those who were not sinners," she explained.

"I never heard of such a thing!" he told her. "Are they crazy?"

"The signs tell you. It is their belief. It was a sin to have looked at you—and remembered."

"Eric's blood was racing; she had remembered! Looked at him, and remembered."

"Don't worry. Just tell me," he urged.

"She told him. He did not tell me just what she said, but I could guess as I watched the light back in his eyes. Her father had opened the door and put her out in the rain as a wanton. He was very strict—father. As soon as the rain was over she would go to the other end of town where she had a friend who

would take her in. No, she did not believe as her father and the people of the town believed; her mother had taken her away and she had been brought up differently, but when the mother had died, he had brought her back.

"My mother could not bear it here," she said. "I am not so brave as she, or I would go."

"Go on," said Janet again.

"It's a good story, isn't it? Especially since we have our own opinions concerning him. No king of lovers, no Romeo, no schoolboy, could have told such a tale of first love as Eric told me. Spilled it out. Words tumbling over each other."

"In one look, in one half hour, it seemed, he had turned over all the principles upon which we live here in New York. The primal had taken him—and her, too. She was not afraid; not frightened at what she must have seen in him."

"And why, when he turned you out, did you come in here?" he asked finally.



THIS MAN LEVELED HIS FINGER<sup>a</sup> AT ERIC. "NOW YE KIN HAVE HER," HE SAID HARSHLY. "YE KIN TAKE HER ALONG O' YE! THERE'S NO DOOR OPEN IN THIS TOWN FOR SUCH AS HER!"

"He had never before listened for an answer as he listened for that one.

"I came because you were here," she said.

"Well, people—I began to see then what he was up against in the way of intoxication. He had not touched her; it had been all very aloof, but when she told him why she had come, he said he would have been wooden if he had not gathered her close and held her tight.

"Then, through the slackening rainfall, he heard footsteps outside their shelter, heard them on the soft ground close by, saw a stooped figure straighten under their tipped roof. It was one of the all-alike, brown-gray men with jammed-shut mouth and slashes down from it; with hate-filled eyes.

"THIS man leveled his finger at Eric. 'Now ye kin have her,' he said harshly. 'Ye kin take her along o' ye. There's no door open in this town for such as her. They're shut against her forever. This is no place for her ever again. We're done. All o' us.'

"She sprang forward. 'Father!' she cried.

"He struck her with his open hand straight across the mouth.

"Harlot! Plaything o' strange men!" he accused, scornfully.

"Eric said that he reached for the man, but that she spread her arms between them.

"No!" she exclaimed. 'He believes it! He cannot help it. No, no!'

"The man did not speak again. He stooped under the slanting boards and went away.

"And now comes what Eric says was the strangest part of it—the way he took it. Back of the glamor of the girl's lovely face; back of the pull of her, standing there in the slackening rain holding her wet skirts about her, her neck bare; back of the wonder of her, there rose a bank of his sane self—that self indifferent to all else. There towered a steeple of his future as he had planned it; of his ambitions; of his wealth and fame which were just beginning and for which he had worked hard. They grew—these steeples—and pushed closer. The girl watched him.

"Now what shall you do?" he asked her. "Does he mean it?"

"Yes, he means it. I shall walk to the next town. There will be something for me to do there."

"I'm sorry—" he began, all the steeples crowding around him.

"Don't be. I'm glad. It gives me a chance to be brave as she was."

"She put up one hand to her mouth and pressed her lips tight with it.

"It's odd, isn't it?" she asked.

"He says he did not need to ask what was odd. He knew. It was the sudden new thing which was his—and hers. But the steeples were nearer. And a free life was what he had planned; it alone could bring him what he wanted. But he asked:

"Will you come with me, as he said?"

"She shook her head.

"Oh, no. I am not your kind."

"But I love you," he told her then. You should have heard him speak those three words, the day he told me the story. Another man surely—not the Eric we know. He said it twice: 'I love you.'

"And I you," the girl replied.

"Then come with me," he pleaded.

"No. It will pass. It cannot be the real thing. It was too quick for that."

"She smiled, and he tried to laugh and say, without too much earnestness:

"Shall I come back some day?"

"She shook her head again.

"Please don't."

"He climbed slowly into the car, legs weighted, he said. He looked back as he gathered speed on the hard road. She was walking too slowly it seemed to him—her head too low—

"But everywhere were the steeples of fame and fortune to come if he were unhampered; if he could be always indifferent. The west had red streaks— He drove away."

"Oh, I hate the man!" cried Janet indignantly. "It's just like him! What became of her?"

"There she is now, at the end of the room," said Kent, smiling at the evident astonishment of the group around him.

ERIC HALL'S wife was lifting her coffee cup and laughing. Her filmy sleeves fell away from perfect arms; a jewel flashed from a tiny silver band in her hair. She was clearly the loveliest, the most distinguished woman there.

They stared at her.

"But you just said that he drove away!" some one exclaimed in amazement. "That was the drama of your story!"

"He drove back and got her," finished Kent sententiously.

## "TARNISH"

### An American Play in Which An Ibsen Ghost Walks

By GILBERT EMERY

GILBERT EMERY, whose off-stage name is Emery Pottle, a one-time journalist and a fiction writer of some distinction, whose play, "The Hero," was a feature of the 1922 dramatic season, has turned out, in "Tarnish," another serious, intelligent and observant study of middle-class types in a significant situation. As Kenneth Macgowan observes, in *Theatre Arts Monthly*, his fault in this, as in his other play, is an inability to handle the dramatic form without the aid of some very complex machinery. "The conflict of two young people over a relic of young Emmet Carr's past only suffers from the complicated relations which the author has devised in order that the girl, Letitia Tevis, may find her fiancé, Carr, in the room of his one-time light 'o love, Nettie Dark (Fania Marinoff). 'Tarnish' is effectively acted by Ann Harding, in the character of Letitia; Tom Powers as Emmet Carr, and Mildred MacLeod as Aggie, a friend of Nettie Dark, and either broadly or badly by the rest of the cast."

Heywood Brown, of the *World*, pronounces it "one of the best-construct-

ed plays of the season," in which "every-day folk are drawn with a strong fidelity to every-day life." To Robert Welch, of the *Evening Telegram*, it is "an exceptionally interesting play," and to Charles Darnton, of the *Evening World*, the playwright shows "a very considerable power of recording the frailties of human nature, especially those frailties which verge upon the sordid and the mean. And once again he reveals, in the case of a chosen few, strange glints of decency, even of nobility." John Corbin, of the *Times*,

places this one "in the class of better American plays, being a smooth, well-constructed narrative, peopled with interesting characters." Robert Benchley, in *Life*, regards it as "the most interesting of the new sex dramas, beautifully written and finely acted," to which John Farra echoes, in *The Bookman*, "an excellent play, truthfully written and beautifully acted."

The entire action of the play takes place in New York on New Year's Eve, between five o'clock and midnight. The curtain rises on the sitting-room of the Tevis flat on the north edge of the metropolis. The commonplace room



AN AMERICAN DRAMATIST WHO IS "ARRIVING"

Gilbert Emery (Emery Pottle) has duplicated, with "Tarnish," the success of his earlier play, "The Hero."



gives evidence of being inhabited by people of good taste who have seen better days—as, indeed, the Tevises have. Mrs. Tevis (Mrs. Russ Whytal)—a fretful complaining, rather haughty woman—is discovered finding fault with an Irish housecleaner, Mrs. Healy (Mrs. Jacques Martin), who, it develops, is devoted to Letitia Tevis (Ann Harding), known as Tishy, young, very good-looking and the mainstay of the family. She is employed as secretary in a law office in which also is employed a rising young lawyer, Emmet Carr (Tom Powers), who is in love with the girl. He has accompanied her home and is assisting her in hanging holiday wreaths in the Tevis sitting-room. Presently:

CARR. Do you know something? I've never hung up a holiday wreath before in my life. Our family—we weren't the holiday kind. These—with you—they're my first. Funny, isn't it?

TISHY. No, it isn't funny. It's rather—heart-breaking.

CARR. And I've never had a present from any one in my family—six of us there are. My mother—she prays a good deal, but she never remembers.

TISHY. (*Sympathetically.*) Oh!

CARR. So when you gave me this—(*Touching a blue silk handkerchief in his breast-pocket*) the other day—made it yourself—well!

TISHY. (*Lightly.*) It's a shower and a blower both—that handkerchief. I couldn't let you go on—could I?—leaving little bunches of flowers on my desk, day after day, without making a ladylike return for the delicate attention.

CARR. (*With growing fervor.*) The first time I left a bunch of posies on your desk—do you remember? It was the day after I brought you those deeds to copy. And we talked (*A pause—their eyes meet.*)—I talked and you answered.

TISHY. (*Smiling reminiscently.*) Yes. We—we talked.

CARR. I was afraid of you, a little. I am yet. I always will be.

TISHY. (*Pretending dismay.*) Emmet, you must be psycho-analyzed at once!

CARR. The nicest thing about you is that you're so nice. Tishy! When I saw you that first day in the office, I thought: "O Lord! If only I can get to know that

girl! If she'll only condescend to look at me, once a week even! And if she'll say 'good morning,' well—!"

TISHY. (*Smiling.*) How absurd you are, Emmet.

CARR. You'd be absurd, too, if a lady-angel suddenly up and said "Hello" to you. It's a funny thing. You think you're set, that you'll just go on, plugging along in your that's-good-enough way; and then you break your shoe-string, or lose a filling out of your tooth, or—a girl says "good morning," and everything is changed—forever.

TISHY. (*Leaning against the table. Thoughtfully.*) Maybe it just seems changed.

CARR. (*Crossing toward her.*) No—changed—beautifully.

TISHY. I don't know. I don't think I have much faith—my life has been too quick-sandy. Sometimes I feel a hundred years old.

CARR. (*Warmly.*) I tell you I know! About myself I know. Things are changed for me.

TISHY. (*Soberly.*) I don't believe you can know. You think you're singing grand opera, sublimely, at the top of your lungs; and the next thing you know you're bawling some horrible hand-organ tune. It's like that. It's all in the way you're made. (*She sits in the arm-chair.*)

CARR. (*Pushing tea-table to one side, pulls a chair near her and sits.*) I don't believe that. I won't believe it. Once a man realizes the thing that's best inside him, he isn't going back to the worst of himself again. Not—not unless his heart breaks.

TISHY. I'm not sure.

CARR. Some day you will be. I'll make you. (*Tishy smiles doubtfully. Carr nods assertively.*) Yes! Tishy, I can tell you what you are for me. But I know—inside me I know. I knew that the first day! I've always known there was you in the world. I knew—sort of blindly, dumbly. Something was always wrong at home. I felt it as a kid. Wrong with us. Only I didn't know what it was—how to get anything better. There's my kid brother. I'll tell you about him—only not to-night. I came down to Columbia—worked through the university—like a dog. It was like a dog. And I've dogged it through the Law School. And dogged it into Layton & Gray's. And all the time I'd do things that didn't seem so—so bad at the time.



But afterwards I'd be ashamed. Things—

TISHY. (*Sadly.*) I know. Things. Yes, I know all about that.

CARR. You understand? Things—O God, I don't know! Every man has them, I suppose.

TISHY. (*Thoughtfully.*) Yes, it's—it's a kind of—tarnish, isn't it?

CARR. Tarnish? You can clean tarnish, can't you? Perhaps, if I hadn't got to know you I'd have gone on getting tarnished, and finally, at last, not minding, not knowing. Only now—there's *you*. And that's the other side, the shiny side, that's in me somehow. And so—you see—well, there's *you*. Don't laugh.

TISHY. (*Deeply touched.*) Laugh? I'd sooner cry. Has it been all that? So much? Me, I mean?

CARR. All that.

TISHY. Now I'm a little afraid. But I'm—I'm glad, Emmet.

Carr leaves, after she promises, with some hesitation, to meet him later in the evening to take a walk and see the New Year in. Directly Mrs. Tevis enters in a state of agitation:

TISHY. Mother! What is it? For Heaven's sake, what is it now?

MRS. TEVIS. Well, the half-yearly check came this morning—after you had gone. That absurd little five-hundred-dollar check from your aunt's estate. I should think she'd turn in her grave, if she ever remembers how she's treated her—

TISHY. (*Going to her.*) Yes, yes, mother—the half-yearly check came this morning and—

MRS. TEVIS. That's what I said. And as the next two days are holidays—how I hate holidays!—I very naturally thought—

TISHY. Yes—yes—

MRS. TEVIS. I thought we'd better cash it all and have the money in the house to pay the bills—there's a pile of them now on the table—So I—

TISHY. (*Jumping to the conclusion.*) Mother! You didn't! Mother!

MRS. TEVIS. (*Sinking into her arm-chair.*) Now you're going to abuse me. And I thought I was doing everything for the best. (*Tearfully.*) Everything I do—

TISHY. (*In dismay.*) You gave father the check to cash? Is that it?

MRS. TEVIS. Yes.

TISHY. Oh! (*Pause. She walks up*

*and down the room trying to control her anger.*) But haven't I told you—Haven't you promised not to let him have any money unless I—And after all we've gone through—After knowing for years what he *does* with money he has—Oh!—It's too discouraging!

MRS. TEVIS. (*She sits by the desk. Sobbing.*) Everything I do is wrong. Nobody gives me a kind thought.

TISHY. (*Regaining control of herself.*) There, mumsey, there! You'll make yourself ill. After all, we don't know that anything has happened, do we?

Tevis, an elderly Don Juan, enters. He has been absent all afternoon and a neighbor, Mrs. Stutts (Marion Lord), has reported to his wife that he had been seen in a manicure shop. Questioned by his wife and daughter, he "confesses" that he has "lost" the money on which the family was dependent to pay many pressing debts.

TISHY. Father, you realize, don't you, that we are in a terrible situation—losing this money? (*Tevis groans.*) I—I don't know what we are going to do—if we don't find it. And that is why I want you to do all you can to help me to—

TEVIS. They picked my pockets—picked—picked. O dear, O dear, O dear!

TISHY. Try to be calm now—to think—to remember. If there is anything to be done, we must do it, mustn't we?

TEVIS. Yes, yes! Oh, my poor head!

TISHY. You must listen, father. Now tell me. You went to the bank?

TEVIS. Yes.

TISHY. And cashed the check. Was it in big bills?

TEVIS. I don't know. Four hundreds and two fifties.

TISHY. You put it in your pocket. Which one?

TEVIS. This one. No, this one here. How can I remember? This one.

TISHY. Are you sure?

TEVIS. No. I don't know. Yes.

TISHY. And you came out of the bank, and what did you do then?

TEVIS. (*Piteously.*) I tell you they picked my pocket. I want to go to bed. I—(*He attempts to get up—she restrains him.*)

TISHY. You walked from the bank towards home? Before you lost the money?

TEVIS. Yes! Happy, happy as a child!

To be bringing gold home to my loved ones.

TISHY. When did you miss it first?

TEVIS. The money? Not till later—long after—

TISHY. Then you *knew* it was gone, father, when you came home?

TEVIS. No—no—of course not! *Here—* I missed it *here!* Why do you ask me these questions?

TISHY. We must try to get the money back. Don't you see? If there is a chance. What did you do then?

TEVIS. I walked—anywhere—everywhere—

TISHY. And—you were alone?

TEVIS. As in Gethsemane!

TISHY. But when you met Mrs. Stutts—the woman upstairs?

TEVIS. Who said I met Mrs. Stutts?

TISHY. Why, you did meet her, didn't you?

TEVIS. (*Confused.*) Did I—Stutts—Stutts?

TISHY. You *did* meet her—didn't you?

TEVIS. I—I—I—I—

TISHY. *Didn't* you?

TEVIS. —may have met her.

TISHY. But when you met her, you were not alone!

TEVIS. (*Going to pieces.*) Alone? I—I—I—*was*—alone. I'm alone now—God, I'm alone.

TISHY. (*Quietly.*) Father, you're lying! You've been lying all the time.

TEVIS. (*In the last attempt.*) Tishy, if it were my dying word, I'd swear—

TISHY. Stop! Don't go on! It—it isn't any use. This isn't the first time. (*Wearily—without much hope.*) What have you done with it? Answer me! What have you done with it?

TEVIS. I—I—Tishy, have—pity on me. You don't know, you don't understand. You're, you're a young girl. You—

TISHY. (*Trying to master her repulsion.*) Father, you've given it to—somebody. Is that it? Is it?

TEVIS. I—I—had to— (*Tishy gives a little cry.*) I—Oh, I can't talk to you about it! A man would understand, but you—

TISHY. You've given the money to—some woman. Haven't you?

TEVIS. Oh, Tevis—Tevis—why does God let you live?

TISHY. *Who was it?*

TEVIS. Oh, what does it matter who it was now?

TISHY. It matters just this: You or I have got to try to get the money back—from *her*—the woman you were with to-day.

The scene of the second act is the apartment of Nettie Dark, a manicurist, at 8:30 that evening. Nettie has bribed a girl neighbor to telephone Emmet Carr that she, Nettie, is ill and to beseech him to call and see her. He arrives, with misgivings, and is greeted at the door by Nettie.

NETTIE. Why, Emmet Carr! You angel! Where'd you come from? I could hug you!

CARR. (*Without much cordiality.*) Hello, Nettie!

NETTIE. (*Preceding him in.*) Well, Mr. Stranger, come on in.

CARR. (*As he enters.*) Can't stay long. I got an S O S from Aggie, so desperate I—phew! It's smelly in here!

NETTIE. From Aggie? What you mean?

CARR. (*In front of the fireplace.*) She telephoned, a little while ago, that you were having troubles of your own—insisted on my coming to see you. So I—

NETTIE. Ag? Well, what do you know about that! She had no business to! Why, she was in here and, I don't know, I guess I kinda lost my nerve and upset the apple-cart and cried in my beer. Poor old Ag! If I'd a-thought she'd go and telephone you, Met, I'd—well, it's awfully good of you to "come over," Metty. Honestly, it's just dear! Why, it's incense; don't you like it?

CARR. (*Awkwardly.*) Oh, that's all right. No, I hate it. (*He stands rather ill at ease, his overcoat on, his hat in his hands.*) Well, what's the trouble, Nettie? (*Laughing lamely at his weak joke.*) Price of nail-files gone up, or what?

NETTIE. (*Quenching the incense. Laughing.*) There! Fussy! Here, give me that coat and—

CARR. Oh, don't bother! I guess I'll—

NETTIE. (*Affecting impatience.*) Well, for Heaven's sake! Give me that coat!

CARR. (*Protesting.*) Oh—

NETTIE. Stubborn! Give it here! (*He yields reluctantly.*) There! You won't feel it when you go out. (*She throws it on her bed, with his hat.*) Sit down there on the chase-longy" and stretch yourself out and have a cigaret. Go on!

CARR. No—I'll sit here. (*He takes the rocker and lights one of his own cigarets.*) Got to go soon.

NETTIE. Same old coffin-nails, I see—Gee! I love 'em! Give me one.

CARR. (*Avoiding her eyes.*) Umm—hum! (*He gives her a cigaret.*)

NETTIE. (*Curling up on divan. Inspecting him critically.*) Thanks! (*As she lights cigaret.*) Well, Little Lost-and-Found! How be? How come? You look kinda—kinda jazzy, Emmet. Been up to your little tricks again, I guess, huh? Naughty, naughty?

CARR. (*Trying with difficulty to be companionable.*) Me? Nothing but hard work, plenty of it night and day.

NETTIE. Selfish! Well—of course. I don't know. I never see you.

CARR. (*Impatiently.*) Too busy—too busy, Nettie. What time have you. (*Consulting his watch.*)

NETTIE. (*Glancing at her wrist-watch.*) Lord, it's early—only quarter of nine!

CARR. Yes, that's what I have. (*Attacking the reason of his visit.*) Nettie? What seems to be—?

NETTIE. (*In a tone of friendly confidence.*) Busy, eh?—Met, you'll be in that firm yet—you will! Layton told me—he knows I know you, see?—he told me the other night—at a certain party—that if things broke right, before the end of the next year he'd have you in with 'em. Sure he did! He's crazy about you, he is.

CARR. (*Pleased in spite of himself.*) No kidding, Net! Did he? Is he?

NETTIE. Sure! I wouldn't kid a good pal.

CARR. Well, he sort of gave me to understand that I had made a little hit with him, H. L. did. He's a prince, Layton.

NETTIE. He's some rapid baby with the skirts.

CARR. (*Uncomfortably.*) Is he? Oh, I guess he—

NETTIE. Is he? Huh! Ask the girls who work for him. (*Seeing Carr's expression.*) What's the matter? Why do you look like that?

Presently Nettie, whose professional name is Le Noir, persuades Carr to go on an errand, and in his absence Tishy Tevis arrives. Nettie, scenting trouble, demands the other's business.

TISHY. I—I ought to tell you that my name is Letitia Tevis— I—

NETTIE. (*She gives her a sharp, penetrating glance, then, after a pause, she*

*says coolly.*) Well, Miss Tevis, what can I do for you?

TISHY. Well, Miss Le Noire—I—my coming here to-night has not been very—very easy for me. I, you must believe me when I say that only the most imperative necessity has forced me to—to—to— (*Gestures.*) Please, please, understand that, won't you?

NETTIE. Say. Are you sure it's me you want to see?

TISHY. I want to see Miss Le Noire.

NETTIE. Well, that's me, all right. But— Say? How'd you know where I lived?

TISHY. (*Evasively.*) I was given your address.

NETTIE. Oh, you were? Might I ask by who?

TISHY. (*Reluctantly.*) By a lady. A client of yours, I believe.

NETTIE. Well, if you don't mind, I guess I'll have to ask you her name.

TISHY. It is a—Mrs. Stutts.

NETTIE. Oh! Her? I see. Well, here I am, and here you are. So if you'll explain—

TISHY. Miss Le Noire, I have come to throw myself on your generosity. To appeal to you. I am facing a pretty difficult situation. You can help me. I, I want you to help me.

NETTIE. (*Crisply.*) Well, of course, if I had the slightest idea of what you're talking about, Miss—Tevis, you said? I might be able to—

TISHY. It—it is about my father.

NETTIE. Your father? Well, for goodness' sake! I never had a lady consult me about her father before.

TISHY. Yes, my father. You know him, I think.

NETTIE. (*Wearily.*) I know quite a lot of fathers—I guess most people do—but— (*Crossly.*) Why should I know your father?

TISHY. My father is Mr. Adolph Tevis. You were with him this afternoon, in the Palace Hotel, weren't you? I think you have been there with him before, though that doesn't matter.

She proceeds to unfold her story, and in the end demands that the money be returned. Nettie laughs contemptuously. They are interrupted by the reappearance of Carr who, seeing Miss Tevis, gives vent to an exclamation and asks what she is doing there.

TISHY. (*Like ice.*) I—I need hardly ask that of you.

NETTIE. Is there any reason why he shouldn't be here, I'd like to know? He's a very old and very dear friend of mine, Emmet is. Aren't you, Emmet?

(*Carr's eyes are imploringly, miserably, desperately on Tishy.*)

CARR. Tishy—

NETTIE. He's having a little supper here with me; that's what he's doing here.

CARR. (*Beginning to lose his head.*) That's a lie. Tishy, that's not true. I'm not having supper with her!

TISHY. (*Wearily.*) Is there any reason why you shouldn't, if you choose to?

CARR. (*Going to Tishy and putting his hand on her arm. With all his heart.*) Come away, Tishy, come away with me.

TISHY. (*Sharply.*) Don't touch me! Don't dare to touch me!

CARR. (*Very humbly.*) I won't, I won't, Tishy. But, oh, if you've got any pity, any, why it's only common justice to hear me. You wouldn't treat me like that, you mustn't Tishy. It isn't like you, it isn't like you. Tishy, won't you come away from here?

While he pleads with her to go, the girl Nettie tells her side of the story, despite the efforts of Carr to silence her, and Tishy exits in a state of broken-hearted disillusion.

She returns home and is greeted by her father with the prayerful appeal that the affair be kept secret from her mother. He thus argues his case defensively:

TEVIS. You've been good to me—always; but she—I've always been afraid of her. I wasn't her sort. Oh, I loved her once; she was so beautiful and beyond me—like a star—and afterwards, beyond, always beyond! God, how they treated me, her lot! What's a man to do, married to the Social Register? When I, I made my little mistakes, my little peccadillos, what was she? She was a glacier, she was the Mer de Glace, that woman! O, why didn't she let me go—let me go?

TISHY. (*Goaded to retort.*) Why didn't you go? Why didn't you go? You stayed, didn't you? Even after you stopped loving her, you stayed. You were a coward, weren't you? You've always been a cow-

ard. Oh, yes, I went to her—I went there. And while I was there I, I found out that the man who had told me only to-day he loved me—that he and the woman you were with this afternoon had been—oh—Ever since I was a child I've had the shame of something dreadful around me. Scandals with—women, talked of and whispered about, before me, by the servants. Then the money gone, the house gone, friends gone, gone. . . . Perhaps I don't understand. Perhaps there's something wrong with me. Everything I touch seems pitch. Oh, isn't there anything clean, anywhere?

Carr arrives, accompanied by Nettie from whose lips he is determined that Tishy shall hear the truth. Tishy refuses to listen.

CARR. You're going to hear.

NETTIE. Met, lemme give you a tip—she isn't worth it.

TISHY. (*Her eyes flashing.*) Will you leave this room?

CARR. (*Earnestly.*) Whatever you may feel about it afterwards, Tishy, there's one thing you've got to hear—not maybe for you, but for me. I know how you feel about that business down there to-night, and I know how I feel about it. And I've brought her here—I made her come—

NETTIE. You near killed me, you big brute!

CARR. And she's going to tell you she lied to you about why I was there; that I wasn't having supper with her, that I haven't seen her in months, that it was all a put-up job. That's why I brought her. (*To Nettie.*) You lied about me, didn't you? Tell her!

TISHY. What does it matter—whether she lied or not—what difference does it make?

CARR. It matters the whole world to me. Doesn't it matter anything to you?

NETTIE. (*Feeling somehow that she is mistress of the situation.*) You poor fool! You poor fool! She knows I lied. She knew it all the while. Do you think that's what's the matter with her? Not it! She's sore—sore because you ain't what-ever you call it—she's sore because you traveled around with me—me! O, if it had been one of her kind—that you'd had an "affair" with, it would have been different. But I'm spotty—and you're spotty because you liked me once. That's



the kind she is. And you want to know what else she is? Well, she's *jealous*. Ay-ugh! That's what it is—just *plain jealous*! Sure, I lied! Why shouldn't I? I was in love with you. I wanted you. And who wins? He? No. You? No. 'Cause she won't take you back. Her? No. 'Cause she don't know enough to keep you. And so everybody has a Happy New Year's. I didn't come up here to cry and tell her I lied, not if you did about twist my arm off. I come up to see what she'd *do* when she saw us and heard your spiel. Well, I've *seen*. (*Turning to Tishy.*) And let me tell *you* a thing: You don't know much. No, you don't! Not so much as I do. And I got to tell you this too: If I was in your shoes to-night, and he wanted me, I wouldn't care

what he'd done or what he was, I'd (*with a laugh to hide her emotion*), I'd count my lucky stars, all of 'em! *And that's all you'll ever get out of me!—Good night!*

Carr pleads with Tishy to reconsider marrying him; and in the end she agrees, but with misgivings about the love men have to offer, saying: "What do I know, how can I know, what yours will be ten—five—two years, even, from now? What did my mother know of my father's? What does any woman know? All she can do is to throw herself blindly, pitifully into love and take her chance, her little terrible chance—of keeping love somehow."

## ANALYZING DRAMATIC SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

ALAN DALE, the veteran play reviewer, makes the somewhat startling admission, in the *New York American*, that of nearly a hundred new productions that he has passed judgment upon since the beginning of the current theatrical season a large number, if not a majority, have faded from his memory. He could "no more describe them, narrate their plots, or enumerate the members of their casts" than he "could jump over the moon." Most of them have been withdrawn as complete or semi-failures and yet some of them are admitted to have been particularly interesting and meritorious plays. In fact, Alan Dale thinks that if he had to see new plays twice he'd pay his second visits to the failures rather than to the successes. For "some of the former are extremely instructive, and many of the latter—are not."

In his list is cited "Peter Weston," which failed and yet was a "conspicuously dramatic and forceful play, with one very striking character. Many less interesting plays are still running merrily along. 'The Cup' was not without some merit, even though it bored me tremendously. It had an idea, and

it veered away from the ordinary as far as it dared to veer. Nor was 'Out of the Seven Seas'—an out-and-out melodrama—as bad as some that have succeeded, while 'Robert E. Lee' was just dull, and I have discovered an enormous vogue for dull plays."

Why, asks this appraiser, didn't Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia" enjoy a protracted run? "It was pretty, it had charm, it had characterization plus the Tarkington trade-mark, and apparently these were not enough. Yet I could point to two plays now enjoying runs that are lacking in many of the fine points of 'Magnolia.' Take 'Tweedles,' by the same author, which was not a failure but which I honestly thought would run through the season. Thank goodness, we are not asked to prognosticate! I'd have bet a little something on 'Tweedles.' I regarded it as delightful and perfectly satisfying and, if I am not mistaken, this was the general view. Where is 'Tweedles'? Is it on the 'road'? Is there a 'road' to-day? If so, where is the 'road'? New York seems to be the beginning and the end of dramatic productions, but I will not argue the point."

(Continued on page 201)



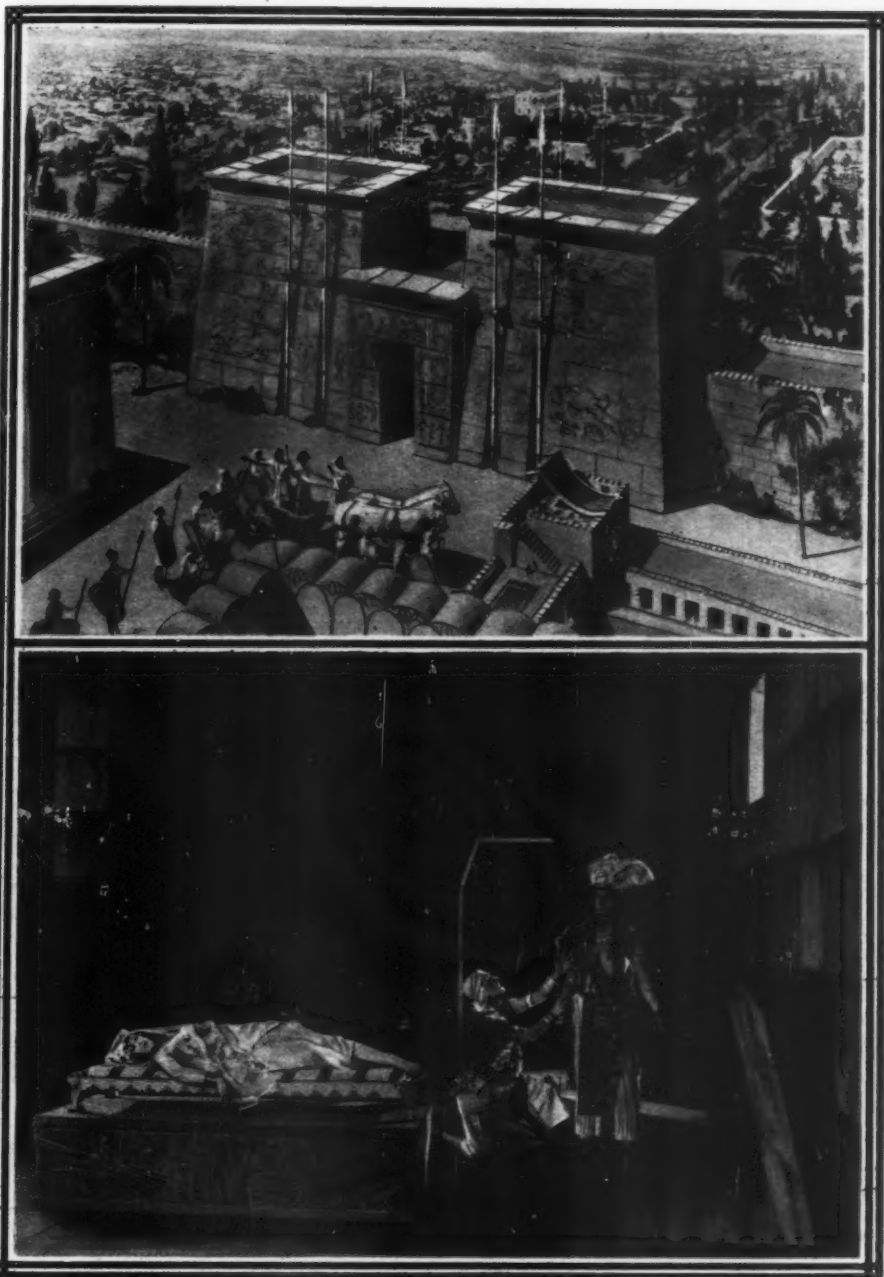


IN "TARNISH" GILBERT EMERY HAS WRITTEN A NEW AND NOTABLE PLAY Showing (top) Marion Lord as Mrs. Stutta; Mrs. Jacques Martin as Mrs. Healy, and Mrs. Russ Whytal as Mrs. Tevis. (Below) Tom Powers as Emmet Carr and Ann Harding as Letitia Tevis.

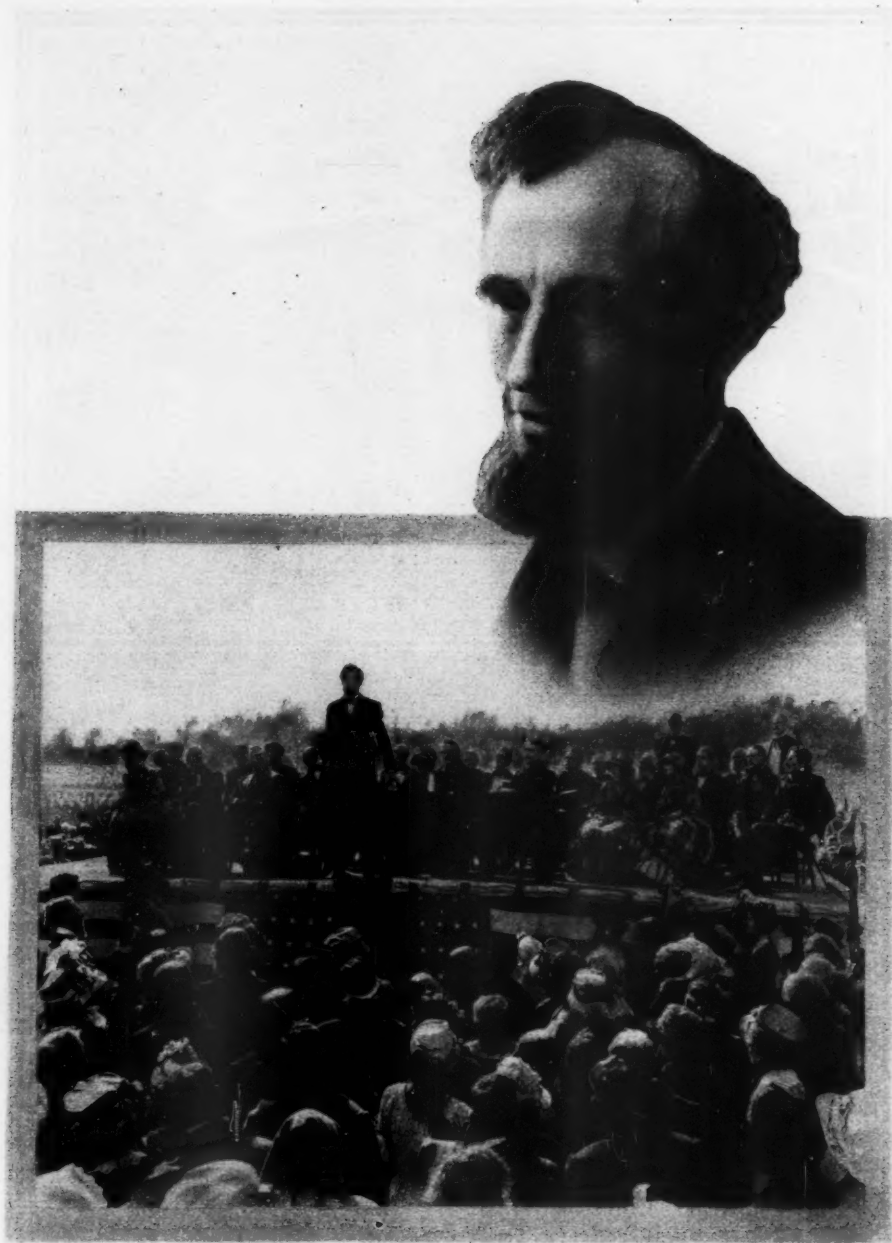


**TOM POWERS, AS EMMET CARR, IS TRIED AND FOUND WANTING IN  
"TARNISH"**

He is shown (below) with Ann Harding who, as Letitia Tevis, he wants to marry;  
(above) with Fania Marinoff who, as Nettie Dark, would marry him.



AS THEBES LOOKED IN THE EGYPTIAN TIME OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN  
W. P. S. Earle, in his screen picture, "The Dancer of the Nile," emulates Howard Carter  
in bringing to sight the glory of the Pharaohs.



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN DELIVERING HIS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS**

George A. Billings "does the Martyr President to the (movie) life," in Al. and Ray Rockett's picturization, of a kind with "The Covered Wagon."



"THE MIRACLE" IS PLAYED TO THE COSTLY TUNE OF \$600,000  
In this German dramatic importation, by Max Reinhardt (above), Lady Diana Manners  
(below) alternates as the Madonna and the Nun.





**NEW PRIZE-PICTURES AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY**

"Emma and Her Children," by George Bellows, and "The Mate," by Charles W. Hawthorne, were awarded, respectively, the first and second Clark prizes at the ninth biennial exhibition of American paintings at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



**GAINSBOROUGHS NEW TO AMERICA**

These two paintings by Gainsborough have lately been shown at the Knoedler Galleries in New York. The "Rural Courtship" (above) is a perfect example of his skill; the "Family Portrait" (below) shows the artist himself with his wife and elder daughter, Mary.



Courtesy of Durand-Ruel Galleries

**RENOIR AND THE PAINTING FOR WHICH \$150,000 WAS REFUSED**

This celebrated painting, "Le Déjeuner des Canotiers," has been bought, at what is described as the largest figure ever paid for a modern painting, by the Phillips Memorial Gallery, of Washington, D. C.

One of the rapidest of the new season's failures was "Launzi," which came to town with Pauline Lord as its star, right after Miss Lord's enthusiastic success in London. Moreover, "Launzi" was the work of Ferenz Molnar. Moreover, it was produced by Arthur Hopkins. Viewing it, the astounding thing to Alan Dale was not why it failed, but why it was produced. And the answer to that is, he presumes, that it was the work of Molnar, who has a "name." "A name! A name, all managers to the contrary notwithstanding, isn't worth the paper it is written on!" This Molnar play quickly gave up the ghost, and there were no mourners at all.

What of the successes? "Abie's Irish Rose" is cited as a rarely-mentioned play that has simply coined money. Its author, Anne Nichols, has been made wealthy by her comedy which has been press-agented hardly at all, and "there's 'Rain,' with its cuss-words and its eventful story. That has sojourned in our midst whilst better plays have vanished, and the end is not yet by a long sight. These two suc-

cesses, left over from last season, are perhaps the most lucrative plays of this season. 'The Swan' is another, and the success of 'The Swan' is perfectly intelligible. It is so delectable and so beautifully done that even a manager might have prophesied correctly."

"Then we have 'Wildflower' remaining from last season, another triumphant runner. And 'The Stepping Stones,' already prepared to run through this season and goodness knows how long into the next. And we have that other admirable 'left over,' Cyril Maude's 'Aren't We All?' Mr. Maude must have surprised himself. He arrived here last year with 'Aren't We All?' in his coat pocket, but he thought better and gave the preference to 'If Winter Comes.' That was withdrawn with the most rapid determination and 'Aren't We All?' was substituted. What, then," the critic concludes, "is success? The very plays one adores may go to the storehouse, whilst those of which one says calmly, 'What's in it?' run uninterruptedly along, through one season into the next, defying analysis."

## WHY GREAT SINGERS MUST BE PHYSICALLY POWERFUL

**H**EALTH and physical fitness are prerequisites to musicians: in general and vocalists in particular, the appeal of the vocalist to his or her audience being especially dependent upon the magnetism of a personality abounding in vigor. The languid, other-worldly charm that suggests a pre-Raphaelite painting has hardly a chance in competition with the buoyant Viking maid of opera house or concert hall. In other words, says R. M. Kneer, in *Musical America*, the singing profession is one for giants, and it is significant that the great singers of the past for the most part towered above their fellows in grace of stature and vigor.

For the instrumentalist muscular

"condition" is fully as important. Much of the superb power and effectiveness of the great piano virtuoso's most inspired playing depends upon correct development. The wonderfully agile and sensitive fingers of the string players are trained during years of patient exercise. Powers of memory and spontaneity of interpretation owe much to a vigorous condition of nerves and digestion.

"Simply to push a key to the bottom on a modern piano without sounding any tone," states Leroy B. Campbell (backed by scientific authority) in his book, "The True Function of Relaxation in Piano Playing," "requires about 2¼ ounces of power; to make a *pp* tone requires 3½ ounces; to make

the usual *mf* tone requires from 5 to 8 ounces." In this statement Mr. Campbell refers to tones produced by finger action alone; he does not state what poundage is required to play *fortissimo*, with the weight of the whole arm from the shoulder.

Much more power is released by the weight of the hand from the wrist; still more by the forearm from the elbow; and infinitely more by the whole arm from the shoulder. In each of a Beethoven Sonata, a Liszt Rhapsodie or a Chopin Polonaise there are tens of thousands of notes to be played. Multiply the notes of a dozen or more such concert numbers by varying degrees of the poundage referred to, and one will have some idea of the colossal energy that is translated in terms of music by a master pianist at a recital.

Some of the methods resorted to by prominent artists to keep in good physical condition are outlined in *Musical America*. From the popular tenor who has his own Swedish masseuse to the struggling student who hikes for health the objective is the same: the increase of efficiency and the prevention of indisposition. The advice of a dozen opera and concert stars regarding health is summed up as follows:

No cigaret smoking, because it roughens the throat.

No alcoholic beverages.

No midnight parties during working season.

Early rising, because the mind is free and more keen for concentrated study.

Lots of fresh air, because oxygen is a nerve calmer.

Walk briskly on account of the good stimulation.

No loud talking or laughing on the day you sing.

Rest, because it is very vital for poise.

Keep away from annoying, troublesome conversation on the day you sing.

Keep your mind carefree, bright and happy.

Eat dark bread. It is more wholesome and digestible than white bread.

Avoid sweets, rich pastries; ice cream is also bad.

Light supper three hours before singing; choose easily digested food.

Do not mix milk and acids.

Avoid speaking on train because of coal dust.

If not damp and raining when on tour, take brisk turn on platform when train stops long enough.

If possible, ride backwards, for it is less trying on the eyes.

Keep your mind off the length of the trip: it has to be done!

Instead of Coué, if he does not suit your case, try common sense or any science which makes you forgetful of self and your cares.

Be sane!

## THE STORY OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN IS TOLD ON THE SCREEN

**W**HAT is regarded as one of the most instructive and historically accurate motion pictures of recent release is the Egyptian film of the life and time of Tut-ankh-Amen, produced by William P. S. Earle as "The Dancer of the Nile." In *Art and Archaeology* we read that the remarkable scenic effects which characterize the picture (see page 195) were obtained by the use of portable scenery painted on glass panels some five by three feet in size. It is done in varying tones of gray, every detail being

brought forth with minute care for exact proportion and perspective to admit of a tenfold enlargement. Great care has to be exercised that the actors on the set do not move beyond certain limits, or they will suddenly and mysteriously disappear out of the picture. But they can be made to appear so as to be moving behind columns, through arches and even, by careful calculation, to appear as if they were almost standing in front of the glass instead of twenty feet behind it. In this manner the effect of elaborate buildings, vast





OVERLOOKING THEBES IN THE DAYS OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

The splendor of the royal gardens of ancient Egypt is impressively pictured in W. P. S. Earle's photo-drama, "The Dancer of the Nile." The scene is painted on glass through a vacant space in which the moving figures are photographed.

cities or the reconstruction of ancient civilizations can be obtained at one-eighth of the cost which would be entailed in having to build them.

From the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, we are told, it has been possible to reconstruct the actual furnishings of the Pharaoh's palace, the apparel that he wore and all the luxuries he daily delighted in for pomp of state or private indulgence.

"Again the throne of ivory, ebony and gold, carved with its bound captives, holds the regal figure of a Pharaoh grasping the Emblems of State, Scourge of Punishment and Crook of Mercy. The famous couch of gilded lions once more rests tired limbs and painted litters carry royalty protected from the ardent sun by feathered fans. Down the colossal colonnades come the stately processions of shaven priests bearing the sacred standards of the Gods, the Ibis of Thoth, Jackal of Anubis, Cow of Hathor, and the animals symbolizing the attributes of Divinity.

"In the building of the sets to match

up with the paintings, much ingenuity had to be employed in the ageing of the 'flats' representing the carved bases of pylons or the drums of mighty lotus columns. Stencilings of temple carvings and hieroglyphics had to be high-lighted to render them with the appearance of carved stone. We see the schemes of the priest of Ammon tempting the young Pharaoh to desert the ways of peace for those of war; the regal bearing of Ankhespaton, Akhnation's daughter (whose mummy, perhaps, may be found together with that of her husband), and the clash of temporal and secular power. The entanglements of the young Syrian Prince, who has come disguised to the Court of Egypt, with the dancer, which arouses the jealous anger of the Princess. The ever-present anxiety of Egypt over a failing flood of the Nile is well expressed, and the old form of sacrifice of a young girl to appease the River God used as the chief dramatic incident. . . . As far as possible, the true atmosphere which surrounded Tut-ankh-Amen when he ruled in Egypt has been reconstructed in a studio in Hollywood."

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A HERO TO HIS "VALET-COACHMAN"

**J**OSEPH CHRISTIAN, coachman and occasionally barber to Abraham Lincoln, has been found and prevailed upon to tell what he knew of the Great Emancipator. His story, as written down by Test Dalton and E. Albert Apple for *McClure's*, is the plain, unvarnished tale of an humble servant who loved his master and cared faithfully for his master's horses and his master's whiskers.

He first met Lincoln in the days of the debates with Douglas, when the future coachman was a very small boy, the youngest registered jockey in the United States. That small boy had the honor of driving six horses, hitched to the only available vehicle, a circus band-wagon through the heavy Iowa mud from Lyons to Clinton. He was too young then, he confesses, to have formed any impression of Lincoln. All he could think of was that he was driving a circus band-wagon.

Later he became a jockey for a Springfield, Illinois, horseman, and every day, when he was taking his horse to the track for exercise, he saw Lincoln, who lived nearby, and exchanged greetings with him. Then, after a time, he drifted to Galveston, Texas, working as a cattleman, and, tiring of that, went to Fort Carney with a view to enlisting in the Army.

"Robert E. Lee was then in the United States Army. This was just before the war broke out. Lee was a lieutenant-colonel in the Second U. S. Dragoons. I went to Lee, but he couldn't enlist me because I was under the legal age. However, he kept me as his bugler, telling me I could quit whenever I wanted to. . . .

"When I was his bugler they fed and clothed me, but couldn't put me on the payroll. So one day while I was shaving him, Lee told me I could take his razor and shave the boys in the company, to pick up all the money I could in place of a salary. The razor was his father's father's and had come down in the family.

It was made in Sheffield in 1694. This razor I kept. Afterward it was my most cherished possession, for with it I shaved Lincoln."

Finally he was enlisted, one of the youngest soldiers to carry a gun in the United States Army, and he served five years, part of the time doing active service on the Northern side. Before the war ended he was discharged in Washington, D. C.

Christian walked the streets of the capital for five days, and eventually determined to "brace" the President for the job of coachman. He was told to come back the next day and Lincoln would see what he could do.

Christian was hired as their personal coachman. He left three times during his seventeen months of White House service—for reasons which he does not specify—but the first two times he came back. And the third time also he came back—to drive the hearse that bore the body of Lincoln through the streets of Washington.

The most exciting driving he ever did for Lincoln followed the shelling of Fairfax Court House when Lincoln and Stanton had a secret engagement over in Virginia. With four horses instead of the usual two they started early in the morning, unescorted, for the sake of quiet and secrecy.

When they started back, about a mile and a half out from Fairfax Court House they reached a cross-road which cut at right angles into the main road they were using. And down that cross-road, a quarter of a mile away, they saw a troop of cavalry riding toward them with speed. It was Confederate cavalry in gray coats, as the good eyes of John, the footman, verified.

"My heart leaped into my mouth, for two miles of bad roads lay between us and Falls Church where there were about forty thousand Union soldiers encamped.

"Never, when I was a jockey, did I handle a horse as carefully as I did those four on that long ride for the life of President Lincoln. . . .

"We galloped for a mile before we reached Falls Church. . . . I never let the horses slow down until we drove up in front of headquarters. . . .

"Lincoln was not excited a bit. Nothing ever seemed to startle him out of his calm."

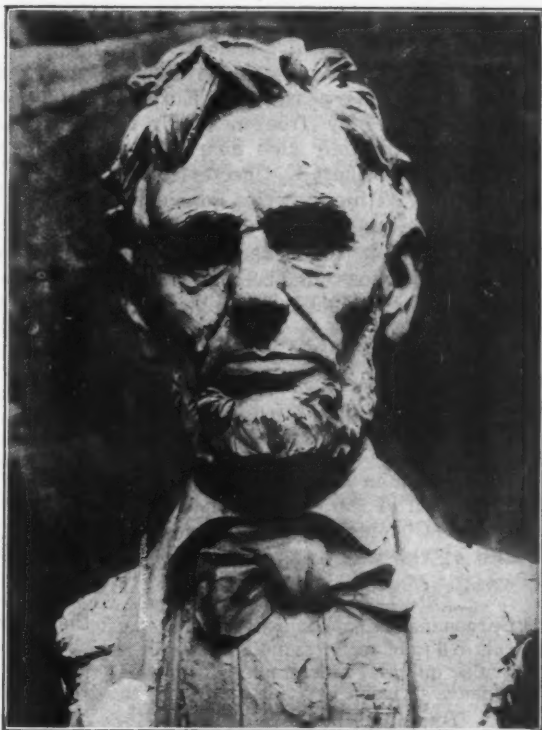
A day came when Lincoln had an appointment at one of the Washington hotels, and the barber had failed to come to shave him. Christian drove around to the front door, went up to Lincoln's room to tell him he was ready, and learned that the barber was missing. He offered his services and the services of Robert E. Lee's razor, and obtained a regular job, shaving Lincoln's cheeks, upper lip and under lip about three times a week.

About a month before Lincoln was assassinated, Christian once more determined to leave his service. The President shook hands with him and wished him success. The coachman-valet looked back as he slowly closed the door.

"He was watching me and smiling. . . . That was the last time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln alive. He had a kind smile on his face, and I sure hated to leave him."

Thereafter he worked in a Washington barber shop and then in the Barnum House, Baltimore, and among other prominent persons whom he shaved frequently there was John Wilkes Booth. He talked to Booth, accepted a drink from him in the Barnum House in Baltimore only a few hours before Booth assassinated Lincoln.

Starting to work the next morning, he found crowds in the streets and men weeping like children. He was stunned by the news of the assassination. As



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NEW BUST OF LINCOLN FOR LONDON HOTEL  
"Tay Pay" O'Connor, grandfather of the British Parliament, celebrated his 75th birthday by unveiling this bust in the Lincoln room of the Hotel Savoy.

he stood in a crowd on a street corner a man remarked, "Well, it's a good thing Lincoln was shot!" Whereat another man tapped him on the shoulder and shot him through the head. Policemen came up, the second man confessed the killing, and added, "I have five more shots for any other men who say they're glad Lincoln was shot." The policemen simply walked away.

John Price, the undertaker who had charge of Lincoln's funeral, telegraphed Christian to come on to Washington and drive the hearse.

"That was the biggest thing I ever did in my whole life—driving Lincoln's hearse, and I'd crawl to Washington on my hands and knees to-morrow if he was there waiting for me. There wasn't anybody like him in the whole world. He was just Abraham Lincoln—everybody's friend."

## THE RISE OF THE PEASANT IN EUROPE

"THOSE Serfs, those so-called savages, the peasants of Europe, are the only free men left in Europe, and the only rich men left in Europe," says Gilbert K. Chesterton, in *Our World*. With currencies gone completely crazy, and trade almost completely wrecked, that man who has beans and potatoes and beef to barter for clothing and fuel is the only man who has money to buy anything. The peasant alone has food and shelter and—adds Chesterton—sanity as well. To the despised peasant Europe must look for salvation. He has been sneered at for decades as a survival of the Stone Age, but now he is recognized "as the only survival of the Great War."

In terse Chestertonian paradoxes the results of the war are summed up as follows:

"Europeans cannot escape from Europe. By this I do not mean standing aside in a particular quarrel, which many Europeans have done. I mean starting or trying to start a new civilization alien and hostile to European civilization. This is what Prussia tried to do and perished through trying to do.

"I have heard men say, rightly or wrongly, that the Japanese are the Prussians of the East. It is perhaps more relevant to say that the Prussians were the Japanese of the West. . . .

"They thought they were founding a new Rome in the North that could disregard and destroy all that civilization of old Rome that has come to be called Christendom. For this purpose it equipped itself with new philosophies, new machines, new poisons, new tortures, and everything that is bright and novel; including new moral maxims of which the essential was that nothing succeeds like success. It might be rendered in the more ironic French tongue by saying that the true *moyen de parvenir* is to be a *parvenu*.

"To this was opposed the older civilization with another moral maxim. It was essentially this, if reduced to its rudimentary terms. New things are not renewed; it is only old things that are renewed. Any number of new things are born and perish in their birth; but the old

things, by the very fact of being already old, have proved they are always young.

"Everywhere the main result has been renewal, and the renewal of things that had been thought dead. Poland and all the murdered nations came out of their tombs and mounted their thrones. The new work of Bismarck was ruined and the vulgar maxims of Bismarck reversed. Italy became a nation and Germany became a geographical expression. Prussia could no longer come to Austria's assistance; but Hungary could come to her own assistance. All the failures that had been the subjects of sentiment ceased to be objects of sympathy. They became rather objects of envy. All over the continent the Peasant, whom we had vaguely pitied as a serf or even a savage, was seen to be not only the only free man, but the only rich man. He was sneered at as a survival of the Stone Age, and he is the only survival of the Great War.

"England is one of the old nations; and the highest importance of the heroic part she played in the war consists in the fact that she threw in her lot with the old Europe that was moving towards its resurrection, and not with the new and northern usurpation that was moving towards its ruin. In spite of all the misunderstandings that have followed, that fact remains by far the most dominant fact of our modern history."

Coming down to the present moment, the writer describes England as being divided into two parties stressing two different points. "One desires to have peace with everybody, even with our enemies. The other desires to have peace with everybody, even with our allies. . . . The present condition of bickering, bitter and disappointing as it may be, is only a return to the average international bickering and bargaining, as compared with the enormous peril of a new anarchical philosophy breaking off all bargains. It is all the difference between two men arguing about their rights and two men arguing about whether there is any such thing as right."

Inferentially, Mr. Chesterton does not agree with those who think that



England should withdraw from Europe and resume what is called a splendid isolation. England, he reminds us, was splendid and isolated in the nineteenth century . . . but is now entangled in problems of world trade more menacing than anything in any strictly agricultural country. Moreover, "a big navy was then a new thing and it is now something alarmingly like an antiquated thing. England was only an island in the sea, but the whole earth is only an island in the air." Yet, the article concludes:

"Aviation will not make everybody friends, for nothing but friendship makes men friends. But aviation may well make everybody friends or foes; or in other

words make everybody everything except splendidly isolated.

"But it is not only because of material peril that I think England should have alliances and understandings. It is because Christians remain sane by partaking of the soul of Christendom. We need not be afraid of bargaining; for the Peasant, whose sanity is now the strongest thing in the world, naturally understands bargaining. We need not be ashamed of guarding our own interests, for the normal national mind everywhere understands that. But we must be afraid of solitude; for the European who has lost Europe always quietly goes mad, whether he be a traveler going fantree in the tropical forests or a great imperial prince brooding in a northern palace and planning a war upon the world."

## ARMIES OF BEGGARS BESIEGE HENRY FORD

FIFTEEN hundred people a day, ten thousand a week, half a million a year write begging letters to Henry Ford. Some want charity for themselves, and some want donations of money or cars or what-not for worthy causes; but nearly all demand what they can and ought to get for themselves by honest labor, according to Edgar A. Guest, reporting the phenomenon, in the *American Magazine*. The annual amount in money which these requests would total, if granted, is estimated at 350 to 400 million dollars. A truck brings this mail in huge bags daily to the Ford offices; a large staff of clerks and secretaries open it and sort it; and only that handful of missives which contain a grain or two of justification are passed on to Mr. Ford's secretary, Mr. Liebold. But every letter is answered and answered courteously.

"Help me to get an education! is the young letter-writer's call. . . . Send me abroad to study art! . . . Make of me a pianist, or a vocalist, or a doctor! . . . I want to go to college, but I have no money. Furnish me with the means and some day

I will repay you. . . . Look over my picture, and my verses, and my songs, and my inventions. Am I not talented? Will you not use a little of your means to give me a start? . . . My friends tell me I am destined to be a great violinist. I need money to go to Europe to study. . . . Send me the price of a piano, that I may practice and give my talent to the world."

What sort of mental process is it, the author asks, which persuades a married woman to try to relieve her husband from the burden of debt *she* has thoughtlessly incurred by asking Henry Ford to pay it? Hundreds of married women have made this plea. What possible explanation is there for the youth who wants enough money from Henry Ford to enable him to go through college *without* working?

"The job of reading the Ford mail is no easy one. Mr. Ford insists that each letter shall receive careful attention. He is particular that nothing important shall be overlooked. The letter must be answered intelligently, and to do that the secretary must first know what it is all about. This leads him through mazes of strange sentences and labyrinths of fam-



ily histories. A letter of twenty pages is not uncommon.

"Some of the appeals are intensely human documents, relating the trials and tribulations of the struggle against want and debt; a father's death and the battle of the eldest daughter to keep the family together; a son in jail; a widow defrauded of her estate by an unscrupulous lawyer. The whole gamut of human life, with its depressions and its villainy, its sorrows and its disappointments, is daily sounded, in the hope that Mr. Ford will listen to it and fly to the rescue."

With a woman who asked for four dollars to pay her grocer, Mr. Guest contrasts a western man who wanted three millions to buy a silver mine. It was certain to make money if operated by the right man, who was himself. The greater part of the Ford mail comes from the United States and Canada, but enough arrives every day from the rest of the world. India is said to be the only country which has yet to send a begging letter to the Detroit manufacturer. Chiefly foreigners want money to come to America, though from China and Japan come requests for money to procure an education.

"People look upon Henry Ford as a glorified Santa Claus, and with the coming of the holidays his mail increases and the pleas for help become more pitiful. Widowed mothers want money to insure their children a happy Christmas. Young women want to buy fur coats for their aged mothers. Young men would like to lift the mortgage from their parents' homestead as a Christmas gift. Crutches for cripples are desired."

Surgical attention is needed by some, and wheel-chairs, artificial limbs, and trips to Arizona to cure tuberculosis. Lads beg for radio sets or motorcycles. According to Secretary Liebold many of these requests are genuine and many are not. Said he: "I think a great many people write to Mr. Ford for money just as a pure gamble." If he falls for it, so much the better for them. If he does not, they are out only two cents for a stamp.

"Even certain organizations are leaners. They have assumed a debt; fifty or

one hundred or two hundred people have pledged themselves to pay a certain sum of money. They assumed that obligation readily enough and for a good purpose, no doubt. But to pay it means sacrifice and hard work and a little struggle. If Mr. Ford, for the good of humanity, would pay that debt, how easy it would be! Why should he? It is their obligation, and they ought to meet it."

#### THE cure of poverty is not charity.

Nothing that you give a man will do him much good. You may relieve for the moment his temporary care, but he will drift back again. What is best for the man who needs help is to give him the chance to help himself. If you can make him self-supporting, you will also make him self-respecting. A chance to work his way is much better for him than a chance to shirk his way.

So I am building new factories with my money, that I may give more men employment. I do not want this money for myself. It is all going back into industry; back into pay rolls where men can earn it by their labor. It will help them to educate their children, send them to college if they wish, buy them pianos, give them a happy home—and do all these things for themselves.—Henry Ford.

Running through the Ford mail of this character would almost lead to the belief the world is populated exclusively by leaners, Mr. Guest concludes. The mental legerdmain by which they justify themselves sometimes borders on the ridiculous, as in the case of a school teacher who begged Mr. Ford to lend her a thousand dollars and invest it for her. When it should have grown under his skilful management into a hundred thousand dollars he was to deduct the original thousand with interest and forward a check to her for the difference—ninety or ninety-five thousand dollars. This would make her rich without denting Ford's millions!

## DISSENSION SHAKES THE CHURCHES

"TO-DAY is the most militant time in religion since Luther's day."

So the Rev. Dr. Albert C. Diefenbach has declared in one of a number of ringing editorials lately devoted (in the Unitarian *Christian Register*, of Boston) to the present conflict of fundamentalists and modernists. Dr. Diefenbach predicts that, as a result of this struggle, "a new church is coming which will continue all the enriching tradition of Christian history and at the same time speak a reborn statement of faith such as belongs to our era." His hope is shared, at least in some measure, by leading members of four of our most important denominations—the Protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Methodist. It is no exaggeration to say that each of these denominations faces a possible split as a result of recent developments described by Rollin Lynde Hartt, in the *World's Work*, as "the culmination of a tendency that has been gathering strength for thirty years."

It may be that the spiritual restlessness engendered by the World War made a new "war in the churches" inevitable. It is certain that Giovanni Papini's orthodox "Life of Christ" and Hendrik Van Loon's subversive "Story of the Bible" prepared the public mind for the present discussion. Whatever the causes, the existing turmoil is challenging international attention, and has led so perceptive a critic as Israel Zangwill to make the assertion that the "dogmatic bulwarks of Chris-

tianity are actually breaking down."

The word "fundamentalism," in its present application, was first used by Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, editor of the Baptist *Watchman-Examiner*, of New York City. The movement it represents, he tells us, is an uprising of orthodox supernaturalism against modern naturalism. Within a period of two years it has taken root in churches such as that organized by the Rev. Dr. J. Frank Norris, in Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. Norris, who, like Dr. Laws, is a Baptist, has frankly declared his intention to "rip up" existing denominations, and in connection with a recent fundamentalist crusade held, on the invitation of Dr. John Roach Straton, in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, he violently attacked the modernists as "wolves in sheep's clothing" and as "lepers of the spirit, more dangerous than the lepers of old time."

In its earlier stages the fundamentalist movement has been largely occupied with the fight against the Darwinian theory of evolution and with the assertion of the idea of the second coming of Christ. A fundamentalist book, entitled "Jesus is Coming," by W. E. Blackstone, is now in its two-

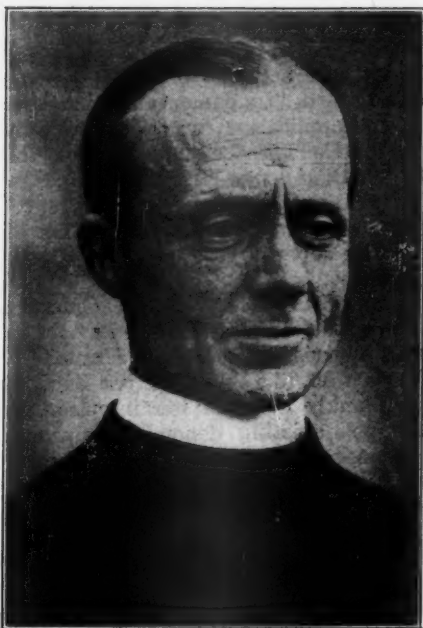
hundred-and-sixtieth thousand. It is the doctrine of the virgin birth, however, denied, or at least depreciated, by Bishop Lawrence, Dr. Grant and by others, that is now kindling the fiercest controversy.

At a special session of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held at Dallas, Texas, in November, a pastoral letter was



THE OLD QUARREL

—Kirby in New York World.



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## AN ECCLESIASTICAL HAMLET

Bishop Manning is regarded as too conservative by the liberals and as too liberal by the conservatives. He speaks the reconciliatory, rather than the dogmatic, word.



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## AN ADMIRER OF INGERSOLL

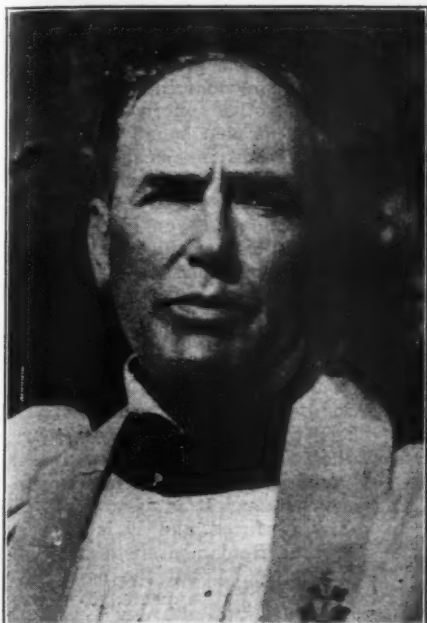
Dr. Karl Reiland, of St. George's, is quoted as saying: "I admire Ingersoll, for it was he who made it possible for me as a liberal preacher to hold a pulpit in an orthodox church."

issued, evidently inspired by recent utterances of Lawrence and Grant. This letter declared, "It is irreconcilable with the vows voluntarily made at ordination for a minister of this Church to deny, or to suggest doubt as to, the facts and truths declared in the Apostles' Creed," and went on to affirm: "Objections to the doctrine of the virgin birth, or to the bodily resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, are not only contrary to the Christian tradition, but have been abundantly answered by the best scholarship."

Only sixty-five, out of a total of one hundred and forty-three, bishops were present at the Dallas meeting, but the letter was sent out to be read in all the Episcopal churches of the country. The immediate result was a dramatic incident involving one of the oldest and most respected Episcopal clergymen—Dr. Leighton Parks, of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.

It appears that Dr. Parks, after having the pastoral letter read at a service in his church, stripped off his priestly vestments and entered his pulpit in the gown of a doctor of theology. He then, in effect, charged the House of Bishops with cowardice in failing to name any man against whom their letter was directed, and, asserting his own belief that "there is justification from Scripture for those who deny that the virgin birth was an historical fact," he challenged Bishop Manning, of New York, to bring him to trial for heresy.

Coincidentally with this challenge, the newspapers carried the story of an impending heresy trial involving the Rev. Lee W. Heaton, of Fort Worth, Texas, a young rector who had previously expressed his skepticism regarding the virgin birth in terms very similar to those used by Dr. Parks, and who had been told by Bishop Moore, of his diocese, that, in the event of a trial,



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**A CATHOLIC FUTURIST**

Dr. William Norman Guthrie, of St. Mark's, declares that Protestantism is dead and that Calvinism, "the spirit which starved the beauty of the church service," killed it. "I am a Catholic futurist," he adds.



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**A YOUTHFUL HERETIC**

Rev. Lee W. Heaton, of Fort Worth, Texas, was the immediate cause of the doctrinal controversy that has shaken the Episcopal Church. He holds that belief in the virgin birth of Christ is non-essential.

he stood about as much chance for acquittal as "a snowball in hell."

The double defiance of the young and the old rectors, coupled with the fact that Mr. Heaton was summoned north to tell his story to sympathetic audiences in Boston, Philadelphia and New York City, had an electrifying effect. An organization—the Modern Churchmen's Union—composed of some 500 liberal Episcopal clergymen, was brought into play to conduct Mr. Heaton's defense and to publish the facts of his case. The "modernist" issue leapt to the front, and journals both sacred and secular began to feature it as the leading topic of the day.

All this was, in a sense, but a sequel to previous conflicts in the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches, involving Dr. Percy Grant, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and others. It gave the signal for a new move on

the part of liberal Presbyterians who declared that the doctrine of the virgin birth is "non-essential" to Presbyterianism, and who predicted a struggle for mastery between the two wings of their church at the next assembly, meeting in Grand Rapids in May.

In vain such newspapers as the New York Times and American protested against the "unseemliness" of the entire controversy. The spirit of revolt was in the air, and had to find expression.

There were clergymen, like Dr. Elwood Worcester, head of the Modern Churchmen's Union, who did not hesitate to speak of the possibility of "a permanent rift in the church, a break up of Protestant Christianity." The Outlook prophesied a "coming renaissance," and the Churchman said; "We have reached one of those epoch-making stages in the progress of humanity



when the shadowed souls of men are demanding light and a proper cleansing of the atmosphere through which that light may find admittance." A brilliant layman, Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century Magazine*, offered the program for a new Reformation.

It is probably true, however, that the time is not yet ripe for so drastic a change. Even Dr. Dieffenbach, who ardently desires the consummation, is compelled to admit that there are not twelve outstanding Protestants possessed of the "heroic passion" needful for the kind of crusade he has in mind. The only name he is willing to "shout from the housetops" is Bishop Lawrence; and Bishop Lawrence is now a man seventy-three years old.

The wisest and most comprehensive of all the editorials evoked by the crisis was that of the *New York World*, which said that the root of the controversy was not in the Apostles' Creed, nor in the doctrines of the virgin birth and bodily resurrection of Christ, but in the right to freedom of conscience. The *World* continued:

"The general public . . . see within the principal Protestant denominations two great contending groups. The one calls itself fundamentalist and demands obedient conformity. The other calls itself modernist or liberal and asks for toleration. The one group considers itself entitled to command what all members of the church shall be-

lieve. The other asks for a certain amount of freedom within the church to believe differently. The one group conceives the church as an army marching in step under orders. The other conceives the church as a collection of men bound together by many common traditions, ideals and hopes, but free to differ on many matters about which reasonable men can reasonably differ.

"But behind this conflict of attitude there is a deeper conflict, which runs through the whole history of human thought. It is the conflict between those who accept truth from authority and those who wish to test truth by their own reason. There is no need to pretend that in this conflict the fundamentalists have always been wrong, stupid or reactionary, or that the followers of their own reason have always been right. The human reason is very human. It is very weak. It is so easily confused and it is so very unreliable that fundamentalists through-

out the ages have appealed to a profound need in men when they offered them doctrines which seemed to rest on a surer foundation.

"Knowing this, no man of truly liberal mind will meet the dogmatism of the fundamentalists with a dogmatism of his own. He will simply say that, having been endowed with reason, he must use it to the utmost.

"And for the rest, on points where the human mind has reached no final conclusion he will take his stand with those who welcome all witnesses and admit that as very insignificant parts of a tremendous universe they are not likely to know it all."

#### WHAT MODERNISTS BELIEVE

Here is what Modernist ministers—Episcopalian, Baptist or Presbyterian—believe, according to one of them quoted, but not named, by the *New York World*:

God is an intelligence and a personality, but not in human form, and bodiless. He reveals Himself in all nature, but is spirit and apart from matter.

Heaven has no pearly gates, harps or hosannas.

Hell has no fire. The devil was an invention of the Zoroastrianism of the Parsees.

Prayer will never put a loaf of bread in the starving man's box, unless some human being intervenes.

Immortality will not be in the flesh. Personal identity will endure, but there will be no resurrection of the body.

The virgin birth is not essential, and probably not a fact.

The miracles of the Old Testament are all myths. Those of the New Testament were interpolated. Magic is not becoming to the character of Christ.

The phrase "ascension into heaven" was written in the creed by a man who thought heaven was the upstairs of a flat earth. "To say that is still believed is ridiculous."



## PLANNING A BROADWAY CHURCH TO MATCH THE CHICAGO TEMPLE

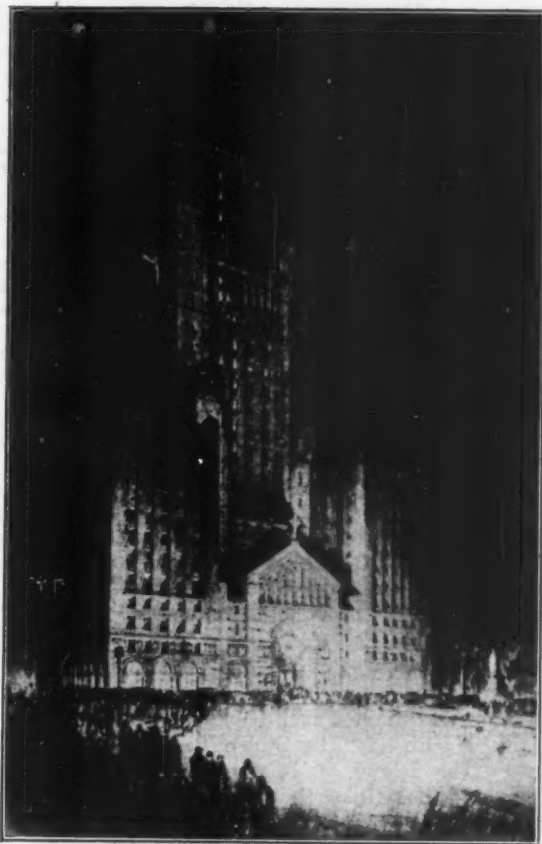
EVERY visitor to European countries has been impressed by cathedrals dominating, with matchless dignity, the secular life of communities. There are cities and towns in which such cathedrals are the principal objects in the landscape and bear mute witness to a time when the church was the actual inspiring center of community life.

With the thought in mind that American religion might gain much from towering architecture, set in the midst of a city's turmoil, the Methodists of Chicago have lately erected a twenty-story structure in the Loop which has been described as "the tallest church in the world." This temple, pictured in *CURRENT OPINION* a year ago, is 556 feet high and cost something over \$6,000,000.

Kansas City was inspired by the same idea when it dedicated its Grand Avenue Temple to the service of commerce, as well as of religion; and Syracuse, in its Mizpah Temple, has made a successful combination of church and hotel.

Now New York City is working on the biggest plan of all, initiated by the Rev. Dr. Christian Reisner, pastor of Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church in the Bronx, and backed by Nicholas Murray Butler, Bainbridge Colby, John McE. Bowman, George Gordon Battle, Henry W. Taft, August Heckscher, Judge Gary, and other leading men of the community. It is Dr. Reisner's idea that only by *physical dominance* can adequate architectural expression be given to the idea of

*spiritual dominance*. He thinks it deplorable that business men find it necessary to erect great bank buildings, impressive theaters, massive hotels and noteworthy commercial structures, but acquiesce in a situation in which the church is diminutive and insignificant. The modern church, he urges, needs a modern building; and, in line with this thought, he proposes a twenty-four-story "skyscraper church," to be erected



THE PROPOSED "SKYSCRAPER CHURCH"

This combined Methodist church and apartment building, designed by Donn Barber, is to be erected at a cost of \$4,000,000 on the block between 173rd and 174th Streets, New York City, if the plans of its backers are successful. It will overtop the Woolworth Building.

on Washington Heights and to cost about \$4,000,000.

This Broadway Temple will be even higher than the Woolworth Building, and will be the first American church to contain, as an integral part of its structure, apartment houses. The two corners of the plot on which the immense structure rests will be occupied

by the apartment houses. On the street floor will be stores and professional offices. A central auditorium, seating 2,200, with convenient church offices and Sunday-school equipment, will be surmounted by a twenty-four-storied tower. The basement will contain a gymnasium, club rooms, swimming-pool and cafeteria.

## H. G. WELLS AS A POET FRUSTRATE

THE best-known writer of English in our day and generation, Herbert George Wells, is the author of some fifty-odd books. He has written novels; he has written biographies; he has written Utopias; he has written of the past, the present and the future. He has written nearly everything—except poetry; and yet, according to "Brother Leo," a writer in the *New York Catholic World*, "poetry is the one thing that he is preëminently capable of writing." His devotees have hailed him as thinker, as iconoclast, as novelist, as sociologist, as historian and as prophet—as practically everything, in fine, except as a poet; and yet, to quote Brother Leo again, "poet, by mannerism, by temperament and by predilection, is what Mr. Wells is."

This Roman Catholic critic goes on to assert that Mr. Wells is not only a poet, but a poet frustrate; and, meeting in advance the attitude of those who may regard his contention as bizarre, far-fetched and fantastical, he tabulates his arguments under five heads and offers abundant proof and copious substantiation.

Taking up, first of all, the phase of scientific romance in Wells' career, Brother Leo names such books as "The Time Machine," "The Stolen Bacillus" and "The Island of Doctor Moreau." It is odd, he thinks, that so few of the commentators on Wells' scientific romances have said the obvious thing about them, namely, that they are characterized by a minimum of science and a maximum of romance. He proceeds to quote the following passage from

Van Wyck Brooks' book, "The World of H. G. Wells":

"He conceived a machine that could travel through time, a man who found a way to become invisible, a drug that made men float like balloons, another drug that enabled men to live a thousand hours in one, a crystal egg through which one could watch the life in Mars, a man who could stop the sun like Joshua, a food that turned men into giants, a biologist who discovered a method of carving animals into men, an angel who visited a rural vicar, a mermaid who came to earth in search of a soul, a homicidal orchid, a gigantic bird hatched from a prehistoric egg, a man who passed outside space. In short, the universe appeared to him like that magic shop of which he also wrote, where the most astonishing things may happen, if you are the Right Sort of Boy."

The second phase in the literary psychology of Mr. Wells, as Brother Leo analyzes it, has to do with love. He finds that the sum and substance of Wells' amatory theory is that "love is a necessary nuisance." In his books, love is always getting in a man's way, especially when he is about to do something great and daring, something that will bring appreciably nearer Mr. Wells' oft-recurring dream of a social Utopia. "The poet frustrate in the heart of Mr. Wells is, in this particular phase of his work, less concerned with the romance of love than with its office of frustration. His heroes—at least a very generous proportion of them—with Antony fling a world away for Cleopatra's sake, and with Paolo go to hell with Francesca. They have the spirit of poets, however much they may

depart from the traditional amatory technique."

Educational methods and ideals are treated as another phase of Mr. Wells' philosophy of life. Brother Leo finds that the author of "New Worlds for Old" and "A Modern Utopia," when he comes to write on pedagogical subjects, is not so much an exact thinker as "a grandiose and romantic dreamer." Only a poet, he holds, could solemnly say to an assemblage of professional educators, as Mr. Wells did say in the summer of 1921: "Every time a teacher turns out a muddle-headed child the world has to bear the burden of an incompetent citizen for perhaps fifty or sixty years." And only a poet, he continues, could write in this wise of a university don, as Mr. Wells writes in "The New Machiavelli":

"It was Codger's function to teach me philosophy, philosophy! the intimate wisdom of things. He dealt in a variety of Hegelian stuff like nothing else in the world, but marvelously consistent with itself. It was a wonderful web he spun out of that queer big active childish brain that had never lusted nor hated nor grieved nor feared nor passionately loved—a web of iridescent threads. He had luminous final theories about Love and Death and Immortality, odd matters they seemed for him to think about! and all his woven thoughts lay across my perception of the realities of things, as flimsy and irrelevant and clever and beautiful, oh!—as a dew-wet spider's web slung in the morning sunshine across the black mouth of a gun."

The spirit of poetry is traced, once more, in Wells' sociological writings. Brother Leo points out that the social passion of Wells is really his master passion, and that it is inspired by a faith in human perfectibility which would be pathetic if it were not the certain proof of a poetic mind. The poetic voice is what we hear in "Tonobungay" and "The History of Mr. Polly" and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," in "Socialism and Marriage" and "The Future in America" and "The World Set Free."

Passing on to speak of the historical phase of Mr. Wells' literary career, Brother Leo intimates that "The Outline of History" is poor history, but sublime poetry. He even exclaims: "What an epic 'The Outline of History' would be had Mr. Wells but written it in iambic pentameters or in the dactylic hexameters which, I am convinced, would flow so readily from his facile and graceful pen!" Then he quotes from a discourse delivered by Wells at the Royal Institution in London:

"It is possible to believe that all the past is but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and has been is but the twilight of the dawn. It is possible to believe that all that the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the awakening. . . . All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amid the stars."

Here is no scientific historian, Brother Leo remarks, but one who, with Oscar Wilde, might style himself "a lord of language"—or a slave.

The upshot of the whole argument is that Wells, like Shelley, has attempted to write on any and all subjects without the equipment of adequate and specific knowledge, eking out his ignorance with emotion and adorning with fine phrases the arid stretches of his theories. "But Shelley was professedly a poet." Brother Leo concludes:

"At his best, he can invoke the magic of artistic creation and purge the foul bosom and sublimate human passion. And in rare moments he can voice the human need of the discipline of pain:

"Break me, O God," cries Dick Remington in "The New Machiavelli," 'disgrace me, torment me, destroy me as you will, but save me from self-complacency and little interests and little successes and the life that passes like the shadow of a dream.'

"And that is a poet's prayer."

## INCUBATOR OYSTERS BY THE MILLIONS

A DISCOVERY that may be even more important to Europe than it is to the United States is the method devised by the New York State Conservation Commission for raising oysters from the egg. Even as short a time ago as 1919 the first experiments in this direction were ridiculed, for, though a professor of Johns Hopkins had found as early as 1879 that oyster eggs could be impregnated or fertilized artificially and made to go through the first stages of their development, no means of applying this discovery in such a way as to make it commercially valuable seemed even remotely possible.

The Foreign Press Service reports a recent planting of the first 10,000 "synthetic" oysters, and that 330,000,000 baby incubator oysters have been liberated at Oyster Bay and Northport on Long Island, whose southern extremity adjoins New York City. While these young bivalves are growing and fattening, the scientists of the commission are continuing their experiments to derive new types of oysters from the cross-breeding of Blue Points and Lynn Havens, Green Points and Delaware Bays — by the crossing, that is, of small, exquisitely flavored oysters with larger, meatier but not so delicately flavored representatives of the oyster family, for the purpose of obtaining larger oysters of improved flavor with prettier shells.

The process devised for increasing the oyster crop is many million times as efficient as nature's method of breeding oysters, we are told. A female oyster, one of the most prolific of living things, lays from ten to a hundred million eggs in a season. Of these about one in a million is fertilized, and only one in about a hundred million grows up to be an oyster. The artificial fertilizing process fertilizes nearly ninety per cent. of the eggs, and promises to enable a large proportion of them to grow to maturity.

The system of making a million eggs

grow where only one grew before was developed by the Conservation Commission to meet a desperate situation in the oyster industry of the United States. Since 1910 the production of cultivated oyster beds has been cut in half. Oysters have been harvested faster than they could breed naturally. Thousands of acres of oyster beds have been rendered barren. For example, the revenue of the state of Rhode Island from taxing oyster beds has been cut from \$135,000 to \$12,000 a year.

The process of growing them artificially promises to correct all this, to restock the barren acreage, to produce all the seed oysters that are needed and to grow hardier and better strains of oysters.

The great difficulty in improving on nature for the survival of the oyster tribe lies in the fact that the oyster egg is so extremely small that it eludes all but the most ingenious forms of control. It is, as a matter of fact, only one four-hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and it is not much larger in its embryonic stage. Because of this minute size, the physical problem of changing the water so as to give the growing oysters clean water and a fresh food supply was solved by the use of a centrifugalizing machine like a cream separator. The water, when it was beginning to grow stale, was put into the separator. Its 7,000 revolutions a minute, contrary to the fears of the experimenters, failed to destroy the minute organisms, which clung to the walls of the separator. When the stale water was completely eliminated, the future oysters were rinsed out into clean water. Every two days this process was repeated for two weeks, by which time the larvæ had grown into thin transparent silvery shells and were large enough so that fresh water could be introduced and the impurities filtered out without their escaping.



## NATURE HAS A PASSION FOR MAKING USELESS CREATURES

NATURE, it appears, contrary to the Bridgewater Treatises and to the theory of "pure Darwinism," gives birth to a vast number of purposeless, if not perfectly useless, forms of both vegetable and animal life. Time was, a few generations back, when biologists assumed that a living creature was constructed like a machine, in which every part has a purpose. A single generation ago it was assumed that all parts and peculiarities of plant or animal were developed from the accumulation of minute favorable variations and, therefore, were, or at least had been, of value to the creature in its struggle for existence.

But present-day biologists have given up the expectation of finding a use for everything. To quote Dr. Edward E. Slosson, of the Science Service Bureau at Washington, "they do not now assume that everything is useful in the sense of being a benefit to the creature possessing it. The characteristic under consideration may be an accidental or inevitable accompaniment of the general development. It may be a mere by-product of its life-process."

This modern point of view was expressed by A. G. Tansley, president of the botanical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at a recent meeting in Liverpool, when he said:

"An organism may produce parts which are useless or even harmful to it, provided that the whole is still able to carry on and reproduce itself in its actual conditions of life. In regard to a multitude of characters there is not only no proof, but not the smallest reason to suppose that they have now, or ever did have, any survival value at all."

This view will relieve the zoologists and botanists of a lot of the bother they have had in trying to hatch up reasons for everything. Formerly, when a plant was found to contain

something poisonous or bad tasting, the botanist "explained" it by assuming that the noxious compound was put there or developed there because it kept the plant from being eaten. But the compound is formed by the chemical reactions of the plant's vital processes and it may or may not be a protection to it.

So, too, Dr. Slosson reminds us, when the old-school entomologist found an insect that looked hideous to human eyes—or that gave off an odor that was disagreeable to human noses—he assumed that the bug appeared or smelled as horrible to the birds that prey on it as it did to him, and, therefore, its enemies avoided it. Perhaps that was so—and perhaps it wasn't. A skunk undoubtedly makes use of its poison gas as a weapon of defense, and it certainly is an offensive weapon. But many a poor bug may exude an odor quite as bad in proportion to his size and yet not get any benefit from it. Doubtless he has become so used to his odorous aura as to be quite unconscious of it, and often wonders why he is not more popular in society.

Dr. Slosson makes the semi-serious assertion that "a scientist from Mars studying our earthly ant-hill would be quite puzzled to understand why the automobiles shot out jets of ill-smelling smoke until the happy thought occurred to him that it was for the purpose of preventing pedestrians approaching too close and perhaps climbing on behind. He would wonder why heaps of shale were stacked up around our coal mines. But he would consider the question solved when he surmised that they could serve as ramparts in case the mine mouth were attacked by a mob of strikers."

Man may be "the measure of all things," but "he is liable to mislead himself when he attempts to put his own meaning into nature."

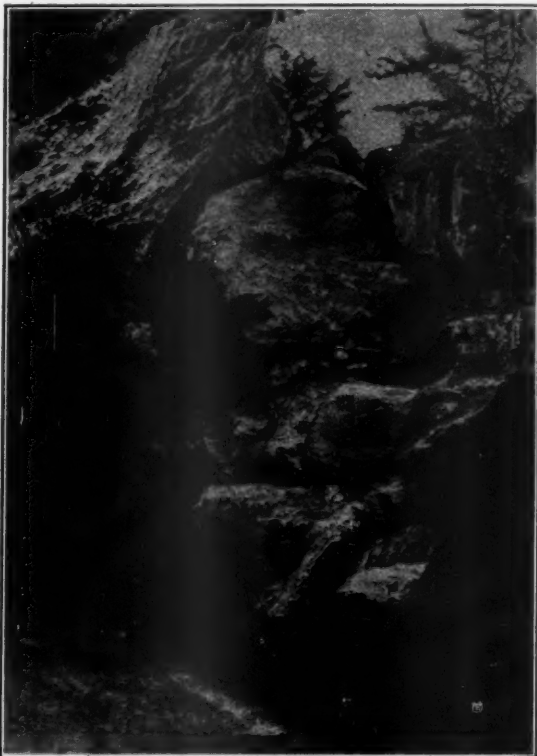


## EACH STRATUM A HUMAN EPOCH IN THIS "CAPITAL OF PRE-HISTORY"

**M.** JEAN FOURGOUS, a well-known French archæologist, writing, in the *Illustrated London News*, about the recently discovered wonders of Les Eyzies, "the capital of pre-history," in the cliff-bordered valley of the Vézère, in the Department of Dordogne, southern France, pronounces it "a center of the earliest civilization on European soil" and "one of the homes of the world's most primitive culture." Its origins date back, perhaps, 100,000 years, while it has been only 10,000 or 15,000 years since the great period of the Stone

Age, when the clever Magdalenian hunters appeared, a race of advanced intelligence, nearer to us in that respect than certain primitive races of the modern world. Whatever their antiquity, it is a fact, declared by M. Fourgous, that man first established himself in the country on the plateaux; then, when the cold became too acute, on the exposed terraces or the bases of the hills which bordered the actual valleys of the Vézère and the Beune. These valleys, the formation of which had ended during the flood period, afforded, in the shelter of their rocks, refuges and caves well suited to human habitation. And it is thanks to the excavations which have revealed the tools, industry and art of the occupiers, that we can imagine what the life and social conditions in those ages were like. In certain parts of the country strata of earth have been left intact, where each stratum represents a civilization. Of that at Les Eyzies, M. Fourgous goes on to say:

"In primitive times there existed on that spot, at the foot of a cliff 300 feet high, on a wide terrace considerably above the actual river level, one of the most important encampments of the region. Behind a mound of rubbish—several thousand cubic meters thick—which obstructed the front of a huge overhanging cliff, can be seen one of its shelters, that of Les Marseilles. It is in this shelter of Les Marseilles, near a streamlet which runs amid ivy and lycopodium (club moss) a few yards away from a cavity in the overhanging cliff, where the troglodyte may also have taken refuge, that this stratum has been preserved as it was found at the time



Courtesy Illustrated London News

### THE ROCK SHELTER OF LES MARSEILLES

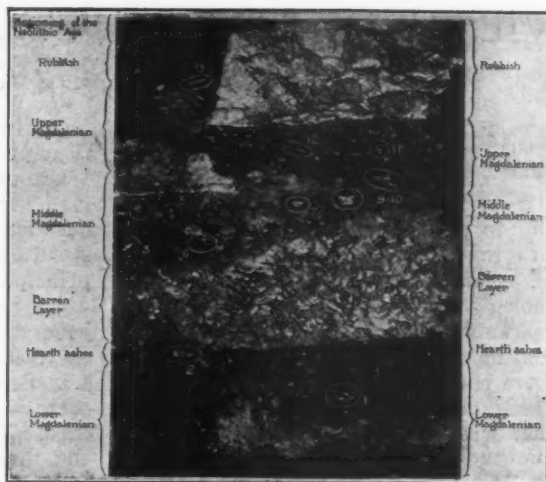
Showing the position of the section of strata (in front and to the left of the man) where the "capital of pre-history" was discovered.

of excavation. Varied natural characteristics make the strata, which are sometimes tortuous, throw out the different archaeological levels where different objects have been left visible: carved flints, the antlers of a reindeer, hunting weapons, animals' jaws and various bones, which were probably the remains of a meal. The oldest stratum carries us back twelve or fifteen thousand years. It belongs to the beginning of the Magdalenian period; engraved objects, very frequent later on, were very rare then. A light blackish stratum obviously represents remains of hearth fires. Our ancestors knew the use of fire a very long time ago. Let us picture them standing beside the cinders, cooking between two stones a fish from the Vézère, or placing on the hot slabs a slice of horse. Next comes evidence of an interruption of habitation: a barren stratum, containing no objects. Where did the inhabitants of the district go? Did they emigrate to some other part of the country? Perhaps they merely established themselves temporarily in some neighboring part of the same shelter. Be that as it may, when the inhabitants came back to the same place their civilization had advanced. A notable discovery made close by [in the Department of Lot, described in CURRENT OPINION last month], in the first level that represents the return, was the head of a reindeer sculptured in the round, which is a real masterpiece. It is vividly drawn, a 'snapshot' of the animals licking itself or simply turning its head. It is the first engraving on pebble found in this studio of Magdalenian artists and is regarded as one of the finest specimens thus far discovered. This was the Middle Magdalenian period, to which succeeded, as shown in the next

SHOWING STRATIFICATION

The objects of the reindeer and 8) tooth. (1) spearpoint up. (1) pierced.

MAP OF THE LES EYZIES Showing the location of the site directly east of Bordeaux

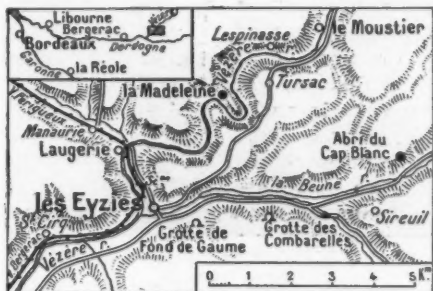


SHOWING THE VARIOUS OBJECTS EMBEDDED IN  
STRATA REPRESENTING DIFFERENT PREHISTORIC  
PERIODS

The objects are, as numbered:—(1, 2 and 4) Fragments of reindeer jaw. (3) Bone splinter. (5) Animal joint. (6 and 8) Fragments of reindeer shoulder-blade. (7) Horse's tooth. (9 and 10) Fragment of reindeer jaw and (above) a spearpoint. (11) Nucleus of flint, remainder of a block cut up. (12) Double-barbed harpoon. (13) Reindeer antler pierced. The height of the section reproduced is about 7 ft.

stratum, that of the Upper Magdalenian. One of those fine barbed harpoons, which, with the slender needles, characterize this latter period, appears in the soil."

With the disappearance of the Magdalenian man, the shelter of Les Marseilles was for a long time devoid of inhabitants. Above a layer of rubbish they are only to be traced again in the Neolithic stratum, after an interval of between two and three thousand years; that is to say, six or seven thousand years before our era. In a more temperate climate than the Magdalenian, a new race had established itself. Its polished axes and pottery have been discovered; while the bones of dogs and pigs indicate the development of a new fauna.



MAP OF THE LES EYZIES COUNTRY  
Showing the location of the grottoes, almost directly east of Bordeaux, a few miles distant.

## VIENNESE SCIENTIST PROMISES A RACE OF "MEN SUPREME"

**D**R. PAUL KAMMERER, of the University of Vienna, Austria, who is now in this country telling of sensational experiments tending to prove that acquired characters are inherited, is one of the greatest of scientists or is merely a deluded biologist. He claims to have made remarkable changes in the form, color and habits of various creatures and to have caused their offspring to inherit these changes. His statements have met with much skepticism in his own country, in Germany, in England and in America. Since his recent lectures in England he has been under heavy fire from many scientists. But he also has stalwart champions.

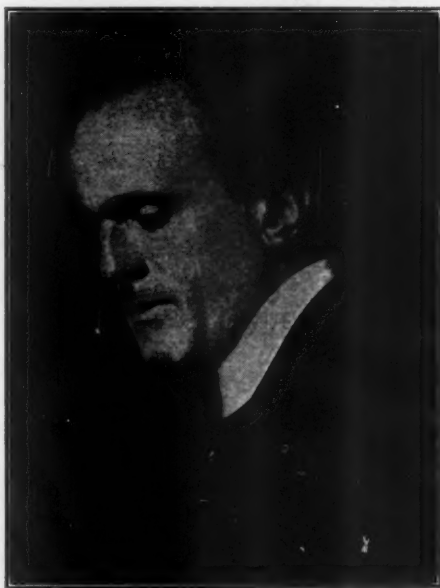
Dr. Kammerer says, in his "Rejuvenation and the Prolongation of Human Efficiency" (Boni & Liveright), that "we can artificially produce changes that will be inherited. We need not wait for them to appear. We can mold living beings to suit our desires. Evolution is not a matter of waiting for opportunities and grasping them; we must make our opportunities." He promises no miracles, but he puts a powerful, though slow-functioning, instrument of progress into man's hands.

"People ask me," Dr. Kammerer is quoted as saying, in a New York *Tri-*

bune interview, "how I will produce these desirable evolutionary changes. What process have I for creating the man supreme? they demand. By that question they show that they misunderstand me. I have found no more than a principle, but one that seems to hold great promise. In my experiments I have succeeded in producing elementary, inheritable changes in animals. I assume that it is possible to produce corresponding changes in human beings. We cannot now directly control these very complex characteristics of mind, that may so much need controlling, because we do not know what are their components, nor how to attack them."

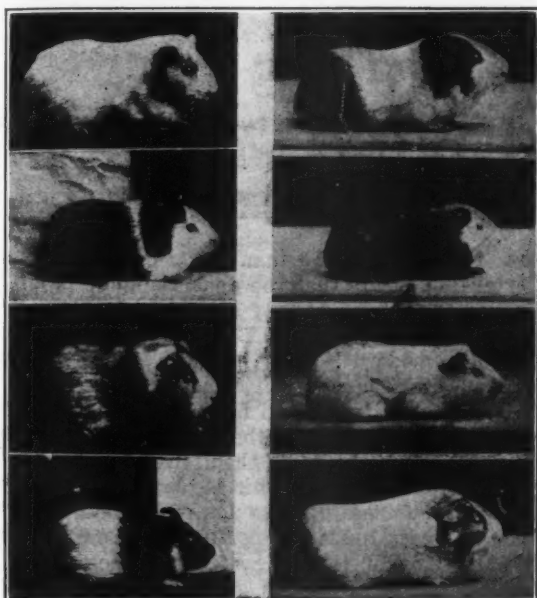
The man supreme, it is emphasized, will be produced by no sudden action. Dr. Kammerer maintains that he will

evolve from the race slowly, and only insofar as ideal lives are lived as nearly as possible. If acquired characters, impressions of the individual life, can, as a general thing, be inherited, the works and words of men undoubtedly belong with them. Thus viewed, each act, even each word, has an evolutionary bearing. The acquiring of new characters may prove an inherited burden, if unhealthy conditions and overindulgence, or bad passions are permitted to ruin our



A CHALLENGING FIGURE IN THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD

Dr. Paul Kammerer, of Vienna, now in this country, is either "one of the greatest scientists or a deluded biologist."



**FEMINIZING GUINEA PIGS**

From top down: (1) Normal brother; (2) normal sister; (3) castrated brother; (4) feminized brother.

**MASCULINIZING GUINEA PIGS**

From top down: (1) Normal brother; (2) normal sister; (3) sister with her ovaries extirpated; (4) masculinized sister.

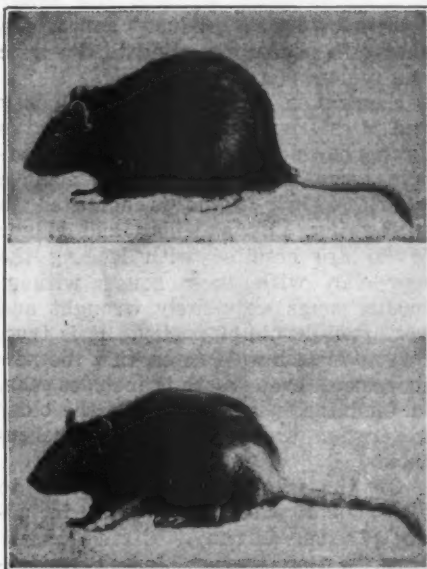
bodies, and therefore our reproductive cells.

The experiments that led Dr. Kammerer to come to his conclusions were mostly made with salamanders, animals that were his boyhood pets. The earliest significant experiment was the one inducing color changes in the salamanders. Dr. Kammerer used animals whose backs were symmetrically yellow and black. Some were placed in a terrarium with a black background; these became blacker. Some were placed in a terrarium with a yellow background; these became more yellow. This is the particular experiment which has been duplicated and proved by Dr. E. W. MacBride, of the Imperial College of Science (London), and E. G. Boulenger, of the Zoological Society of London, according to Dr. Kammerer. It is asserted that MacBride and Boulenger have not published any account of their duplication of the experiment.

Another important experiment reported by Dr. Kammerer is that of regenerating the eyes of blind newts. They had lost the use of their eyes living in dark caves. He kept them in white light, but found that this kind of light caused pigment to form over the eyes so that they continued blind. Then he used red light. In five years the blind newts recovered the use of their eyes. Their young were born with eyes.

By making the air uncomfortably hot Dr. Kammerer forced the land frogs to live in water. In a few generations the males developed a new character, he records.

Another experiment that is said to have corroborated the results he claims, was that of changing the breeding methods of the midwife toad from a land into a water phenomenon.



**BLACK RATS: TWIN BROTHERS**

(Lower) Aged without operation. (Upper) Rejuvenated by operation.





**D**ISILLUSIONMENT seems to have overtaken or to be overtaking those American poets whose prominence has attained the age of a decade or so. In a recent poetry number of *The New Republic* several of them, in plain prose, are inclined to view pessimistically the immediate future for poetry in these United States. Amy Lowell, for instance, reviewing two generations of American poetry, records that the group which claims to have begun the renaissance of 1911 has been superseded in popularity by a younger group of lyrists. She points out, too, and correctly, as Maxwell Anderson comments, in the *New York World*, that though the elder group had its limitations, it at any rate aimed at epic achievement, whereas the newer comers, whose product approaches nearer to perfection, cling to the lyric and seldom venture far afield.

Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay and Miss Lowell herself tried to carve figures beyond their reach. With lamentable frequency they failed to achieve poetry. Their vogue is admitted to be waning. Edna Millay and Elinor Wylie are credited with leading the new van with their songs without music, songs exquisitely wrought and not often devoid of poetry. It is true, too, as Miss Lowell notes, that the new movement, even where it includes men, is feminine in quality, while the older generation was predominantly masculine.

On the whole, the contributors to *The New Republic* symposium, including Vachel, Lindsay, Alfred Kreymborg, Witter Bynner, Joseph Auslander, Louise Bogan, Elinor Wylie and particularly Frank Ernest Hill, an ad-

mirer rather than maker of poetry, who laments that the general public is purblind to poetry, are very doubtful of the position and influence of poets in modern society. There is no doubt that poetry will come back in time as a distinct social force. But that it will happen within the years of this generation the poets themselves are inclined to question. This is observed to be "a business age, an age of mechanics and easy hysteria—no time for slow brooding or the song of exuberance, nearly all of which is going into cheap substitutes for emotional satisfaction."

Miss Bogan, whose name has been mentioned, is the author of a first book, "Body of This Death" (McBride), which seems to us to be very far beyond the ordinary, though, perhaps, greater in promise than in achievement. Witness the following:

## WOMEN

BY LOUISE BOGAN

**W**OMEN have no wilderness in them,  
They are provident instead,  
Content in the tight hot cell of their  
hearts  
To eat dusty bread.

They do not see cattle cropping red winter grass,  
They do not hear  
Snow water going down under culverts  
Shallow and clear.

They wait, when they should turn to journeys,  
They stiffen, when they should bend.  
They use against themselves that benevolence  
To which no man is friend.

They cannot think of so many crops to a field



Of clean wood cleft by an axe.  
 Their love is an eager meaninglessness  
 Too tense, or too lax.

They hear in every whisper that speaks  
 to them  
 A shout and a cry.  
 As like as not, when they take life over  
 their door-sills  
 They should let it go by.

#### KNOWLEDGE

BY LOUISE BOGAN

NOW that I know  
 How passion warms little  
 Of flesh in the mould,  
 And treasure is brittle,—

I'll lie here and learn  
 How, over their ground,  
 Trees make a long shadow  
 And a light sound.

In another first volume of considerable distinction, entitled "Voyage," Harold Vinal, editor of *Voices*, presages better things to come and yet sets sail with no inconsiderable cargo, including:

#### FIRST VOYAGE

BY HAROLD VINAL

SHIP, ship go straight as an arrow out  
 Into clearness, straight as a mew  
 flying south;  
 Wing like a mew in the sun, lift like a  
 shout,  
 Lift like a quick word out of a lover's  
 mouth.

Who knows what ports wait your spars,  
 your rigging and sails,  
 What harbors and what lotus isles of  
 nightingales,  
 What aqueous pools of spouting and mar-  
 velous whales.

Go like a bird, a bird, tired of land,  
 Of trees in a lull of cool green and the  
 peace  
 Of glens where twigs crackle. Dunes and  
 the push of sand.  
 Breast deep in water go, breast deep to  
 Greece.

Cut is the rope that held you, the yearn-  
 ing rope that bound you,

The wind, the terrible wind and the sea  
 have found you.

The forests that bore you were not strong  
 enough to hold you.

Go like a lover, ship, leap to the tide, the  
 tide,  
 Lie against its panting side. Ride, ship,  
 ride!

#### SEA SPEECH

BY HAROLD VINAL

SEA folk have speech that is not quite  
 their own,  
 The sea is in their talk and the sound of  
 water  
 For every sea wife, every sea wife's  
 daughter,  
 They know the shudder of fog and the  
 sea's moan.  
 Sea folk have speech that is not quite  
 their own,  
 For salty wind is on them and the sun,  
 For every seaman, every seaman's son  
 Knows sound of water running over stone.

Never a wind comes from the east again  
 But they must speak of it to mate or  
 friend;  
 Never a ship comes home in windy rain  
 But they must tell it over without end.  
 Their salty speech is not their own at all,  
 But sound of water tugging at a wall.

In still another first volume, "Scarlet  
 Runner" (Crowell), by Elizabeth Shaw  
 Montgomery, we find evidences of a  
 cowed, devout passion at confessional  
 and a constant struggle between the  
 powers of emotion and expression.  
 They harmonize most happily in such  
 lyrics as the following:

#### LA NUIT

BY ELIZABETH SHAW MONTGOMERY

THE night dark-browed and cruel is  
 watching for me,  
 High in her tower that leans towards the  
 moon;  
 How can I gain the hedge, the secret  
 cover?

My love comes soon.

She has an eye as sharp as any spear  
 thrust;  
 She has enticed the moon to hold his light,  
 So she can spy upon my secret smiling  
 And kill delight.

## ALCHEMY

BY ELIZABETH SHAW MONTGOMERY

**B**IRCH trees beautiful and stillBy a shadowed pool,  
Gentle nuns within a church  
Decorous, cool.I saw them once an autumn day  
In a swirl of gold,  
Madly dancing in a wood  
While a year turned old.

## QUEST

BY ELIZABETH SHAW MONTGOMERY

**W**HERE shall I find beauty,

Where shall I find song?

Ah, I wandered far and wide,  
And the road was long!But the wind was voiceless,  
All the stars burned pale;  
Nowhere was there answer,  
On no sea a sail.Once more we succumb to the temptation to reprint, from *Vanity Fair* this time, a laboratory specimen of lyrical sorcery such as Mrs. Bosseivain, née Millay, takes delight in concocting:

## THE CURSE

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**O**H, lay my ashes on the wind  
That blows across the sea.  
And I shall meet a fisherman  
Out of Capri,And he will say, seeing me,  
What a strange thing!  
Like a fish's scale, or a  
Butterfly's wing.Oh, lay my ashes on the wind  
That blows away the fog,  
And I shall meet a farmer boy  
Leaping through the bog.And he will say, seeing me,  
"What a strange thing!  
Like a peat-ash or a  
Butterfly's wing."And I shall blow to your house,  
And, sucked against the pane,  
See you take your sewing up  
And lay it down again.And you will say, seeing me,  
"What a strange thing!  
Like a plum-petal or a  
Butterfly's wing."And none at all will know me  
That knew me well before,  
But I will settle at the root  
That climbs about your door,And fishermen and farmers  
May see me and forget,  
But I'll be a bitter berry  
In your brewing yet.

In the year-book of the Poetry Society of South Carolina is reprinted "Oberammergau," by Leonora Speyer, which received what is known as the Blindman Prize of \$250, and which chants for itself as follows:

## OBERAMMERGAU

BY LEONORA SPEYER

**R**ICH man, poor man, beggar-man, thief  
Over the hills to the mountain folk,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,  
Across the world they find their way;  
Christ will be crucified to-day.Christ will hang high and we are here,  
Villager, are there beds for us?  
Soup and bread and a pot of beer?  
—Weary Gentile, Turk and Jew,  
Lord and peasant, Christian too.—*Who called His Name? What was it spoke?*Perhaps I dreamed. Then my walls  
dreamed!I saw them shaking as I woke.  
The dawn turned silver harps, and there  
The Star hung singing in the air."Rich man, rich man, drawing near,  
Have you not heard of the needle's eye?  
Beggar, whom do you follow here?  
Did you give to the poor as He bade you  
do?"

Proud sir, which of the thieves are you?"

"Doctor, lawyer, whom do you seek?  
Do you succor the needy and ask no fee?  
Chief, will you turn the other cheek?  
Merchant, there is a story grim  
Of money-changers scourged by Him!"

The Star leaned lower from the sky;  
 "O man in holy orders dressed,  
 Hurrying so to see Him die,  
 Important as becomes your creed,  
 Why bring you dogma for his need?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The streets of Oberammergau  
 Are waking now, are crowding now,  
 The Star has fallen like a tear,  
 There is a tree with a waiting bough  
 Not far from here.

Rich man, poor man, beggar and thief,  
 Over the hills to the mountain folk,  
 Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,  
 Magdalene, Mary, great with grief,  
 And Martha walking heavily. . . .

Doubter . . . dreamer. . . Which am I?  
 Lord, help Thou mine unbelief.

Clement Wood, who goes on metrical  
 orgies to who knows where, and fre-  
 quently returns with what seems to be  
 divine plunder, bobs up, in *The Amer-  
 ican Poetry Magazine*, with this bit of  
 lyric ore which we submit for assay:

#### WHEN EARTH LIFTS SKYWARD

BY CLEMENT WOOD

**A**CROSS the shining meadows of the  
 dawn,  
 Through noon-hours, when the day  
 strides, great and tall,  
 Across the hills that clasp the setting sun,  
 I hear you call.

In the still night when all the tenantless  
 Soul knows the starry bow of opening  
 space,  
 And brims with bright invisible loveli-  
 ness,  
 I see your face.

And when the earth lifts skyward, and  
 the sky  
 Lowers, to rain the peril of its bliss,  
 Until the heart breaks with a golden cry,  
 I know your kiss.

Mr. Robinson, who times criticism by  
 a personally-conducted Waterbury or  
 Ingersoll, has managed to project his  
 peculiarly autumnal spirit, with strik-  
 ing effect, into the spare but telling  
 images which combine to make the fol-  
 lowing sonnet-picture, for the framing  
 of which we compliment the *Literary  
 Review* of the *New York Evening Post*:

#### THE SHEAVES

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

**W**HERE long the shadows of the wind  
 had rolled,  
 Green wheat was yielding to the change  
 assigned,  
 And as by some vast magic undivined  
 The world was turning slowly into gold;  
 Like nothing that was ever bought or sold  
 It waited there, the body and the mind,  
 And with a mighty meaning of a kind  
 That tells the more the more it is not  
 told.

So in a land where all days are not fair,  
 Fair days went on till on another day  
 A thousand golden sheaves were lying  
 there,  
 Shining and still, but not for long to  
 stay—  
 As if a thousand girls with golden hair  
 Might rise from where they slept and go  
 away.

Next to the last poem in a somewhat  
 lugubrious number of *The Lyric* (Nor-  
 folk, Va.) is the following tribute to a  
 sort of Fata Morgana such as now and  
 then finds human habitation, and is sel-  
 dom recognized in contemporary verse:

#### SORTILEGE

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

**S**OMETHING of her is all but told  
 By the voice of the rain.  
 April spends silver, June spends gold,  
 That she may laugh again. . . .

She who is sister to the sun,  
 And elf-kin to the moon,  
 Feels in her veins such wild things run  
 As have to vanish soon.

Once she were captive, everything  
 This side of far delight  
 Would of her grace less bravely sing,  
 Going into the night.

An elegy were her own song  
 If once she felt the truth  
 That stabs and stabs a whole life long,  
 Stabbing fey scars of youth.

In memory a silver mark,  
 In faith a shining creed,  
 She is a bible in the dark  
 For pagan eyes to read.

## SMUGGLING VAST WEALTH OUT OF GERMANY

**T**HERE has been no secret about the escape of a vast amount of capital from Germany; the mystery has been about the manner and method. The German Government has caused stringent laws to be enacted to prevent this very thing. How then can immense wealth be smuggled across the frontiers and still remain under the control of German capitalists? How might German assets be converted into Swiss francs and Dutch florins and British pounds sterling and American dollars without detection of the process? A little book, bearing the title, "The Escape of German Capital," which is attracting widespread attention in Europe, claims to tell how the thing was done. Its authors are Leo Wulfsohn, a Swiss economist, and Gabriel Wernlé, a French merchant, who spent the war in a German internment camp and afterward engaged in business at Hamburg, where he had an opportunity to study the methods of German financiers at first hand.

The siphon affords a comparison as to the method employed. As an analyst of the book observes, in the *New York Times*, German capitalists have used the *konzern*, a corporation orig-

inally intended to attract outside capital to German industries, as the principal means of siphoning capital out of the Fatherland. A pre-war financial mechanism has been altered so as to escape taxation, evade reparation payments, defraud small stockholders and impoverish German workmen to the point of starvation.

The revolution after the war and the precipitate flight of the Kaiser brought the first impulse to export capital. The sense of political uncertainty begot a sense of financial insecurity. The deliberate depreciation of the mark had not yet begun. After Germany began making her cash payments on reparations by selling the depreciated mark abroad, there was all the greater reason, of course, for transferring assets to some outside country.

But this sale of marks outside Germany is not to be regarded as of any special importance in the flight of capital. It has been stated that Germany paid nearly half a billion dollars cash in this way, but the transfer of capital was accomplished chiefly by sending out manufactured goods or securities representing real capital. It is true that jewels, gold, stocks and



Courtesy N. Y. Times

THE GERMAN MONEY BAGS SKIP OVER THE BORDER, DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF THE GERMAN MICHEL AND THE POILU

bonds were smuggled out of Germany just after the war in diplomatic pouches. The writers of the book say they know personally that the fortune of the aristocratic Bethmann-Hollweg family was rescued in this way. But for the larger flight of capital other means had to be devised.

As an instance, Germans were large debtors, even before the war, to Swiss land banks, and the stipulation usually was that payment should be made in gold. The Reich and the Swiss Government made a formal agreement after the war that these debts should be paid in Swiss francs; but the meteoric downward flight of the mark nevertheless caused the stocks and bonds of the Swiss banks in many cases to depreciate. German debtors bought in the stocks and bonds at a low figure, turned them over to the banks to pay their debts at the par figure and invested in Switzerland the difference between that purchase price and the amount of their debt in gold marks—which was the amount they were allowed to export. Some of the German potash mines are cited as examples of firms which successfully adopted this subterfuge.

We are told that Germans have persistently spread the report that debts held against them were worthless owing to the fall of the mark, in order to buy them cheaply through agents and become their own creditors. They could thus, by paying what they owed themselves, establish gold credits in foreign countries.

The patents proved useful, too. Those which had been transferred to "neutral" ownership, under secret stipulations as to their real ownership, in order to avert seizure by the enemy, now served for the evasion of German taxes and the escape of capital. Moreover, new companies were formed, with dummy neutral directors, to make application to the German Patent Office for permission to buy German inventions. In both cases factories in Germany which used patents paid royalties in good foreign money to the "neutral"

companies which had gained title to them and which really belonged to Germans. In this way a constant stream of revenue dribbled out of the Fatherland.

In this way, too, German stockholders not "in the know" were defrauded. It frequently happened that a factory paid what should have been its net profit to a "neutral" corporation for the use of its own patent; while the real owners of the neutral corporation were a few of the directors of the factory. We are told, for instance, that one of the two processes used in Germany for the production of synthetic ammonia is owned by Swiss agents acting for certain Germans owning ammonia plants, and that the Swiss agents collect on behalf of these Germans a license fee on every ton of ammonia manufactured. The debtor in such cases is the German factory and the real creditors are a few favored persons in the enterprise. This is one of several methods devised by German capitalists to defraud their own stockholders.

Meanwhile the German factory in each case is like a donkey in a treadmill, working to exhaustion but getting nowhere. Industrial plants within the Fatherland, in spite of their feverish activity, have been growing poorer, because the profits have stuck to the fingers of dummy intermediaries in near-by countries. When they find it impossible to renew equipment, to buy raw materials or to meet obligations, they are forced to go into debt, and finally fall into the hands of the small group, usually their directors, who have set up the intermediary selling force.

This has been happening, according to this book, all over Germany. A few rich capitalists are putting the profits they make from cheap labor into countries where no reparations are due and where no revolutions are threatening, and with this capital are buying up the failed plants and factories and mills which they have ruined. Capital, but under a foreign flag, thus re-enters Germany.



## TOBACCO BECOMES A BILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRY

**A**LTHOUGH the two million acres of American soil on which tobacco is grown constitute only five-tenths of one per cent. of the acreage devoted to all crops, that of tobacco has a higher value per acre than any of the staple crops. Most tobacco is grown in a few States, Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia being the leading ones, but some tobacco is grown in forty-two States.

The current Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture states that since 1919 tobacco has been grown on nearly 450,000 American farms. North Carolina has stood first in value of the crop and Lancaster County, Penn., has been the leading county in acreage and production. Hartford County, Conn., where a large acreage of shade-grown tobacco is produced, has led in value of the crop, averaging \$13,000,000 a year, or more than two-thirds the value of all crops produced in the State.

This country leads the world as a tobacco producer, and in the number and diversity of types produced to supply varying demands. So far as statistics are available they show that the eleven principal tobacco-producing countries each produced upward of 50,000,000 pounds annually before the war. In order of quantity produced these countries are the United States, British Indies, Russia, Hungary, Dutch East Indies, Japan, Germany, Philippine Islands, Brazil, Cuba and Northern Caucasia. China produces much tobacco, but statistics are not available.

In the Yearbook much attention is given to the historical and economic development of the tobacco crop since earliest Colonial times. It is said that when America was first discovered the natives were growing the crop from Canada as far south as Brazil, and that they understood such fundamental practices as proper spacing in the field, topping and suckering the plants, and

the distinctive processes of drying now known as air-curing, sun-curing and fire-curing.

The work of the Department of Agriculture is shown to have had an important influence in the improvement of the industry, and in the last twenty-five years, because of new methods, better varieties and greater use of fertilizers, the yield per acre has increased.

The growing of cigar wrapper tobacco under shade, which has become very extensive in Connecticut and Florida, is one of the important developments in the industry which has come from the experimental work carried on by the Department of Agriculture. This method has made it possible to produce a high-grade leaf for the purpose which formerly could be secured only from foreign countries.

Although there has been a great increase in the consumption of tobacco since the Civil War, the crop advances very little into new territory. Each type of tobacco is rather closely limited to certain localities because of soil and climatic conditions. In most of the tobacco-growing regions only a small part of the farm land, about 10 per cent., is devoted to the crop in normal years, and any noticeable increase in price results in an increase in acreage in the original region. Because of the rapid rise in the use of cigarettes now being manufactured at the rate of 60,000,000,000 a year, there has been a great demand for the fire-cured type of tobacco grown in the South Atlantic States. In these States there is much land lying idle which is not sufficiently productive for general farming, but which by the use of fertilizers can be made to supply the demand for any increase in acreage of tobacco.

Cocaine first obtained recognition as a medicinal drug about thirty-five years ago, and the commercial supply was derived from leaves of the wild coca plant of Peru.

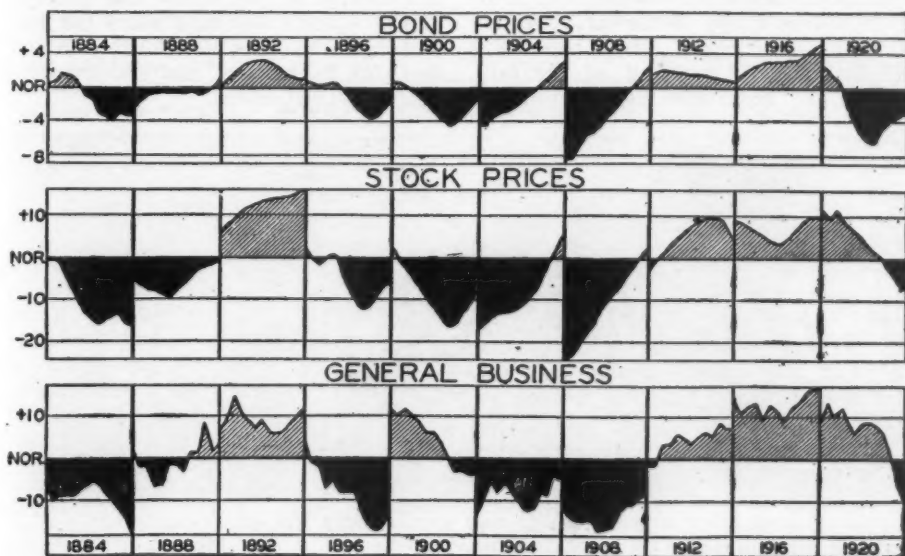
## ATTACHING FALSE ALARMS TO PRESIDENTIAL YEARS

**T**HERE is a widespread impression that the years of Presidential elections are periods of poor business. In the accompanying chart, prepared by Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, for the *New York Evening Post*, an attempt has been made to depict in graphic form the state of business in ten consecutive election years. The variations of bond prices, stock prices, and of general business from an estimated normal have been plotted, the area below the normal line being solid black and the areas above the line being shaded.

An examination of the chart shows that there is no basis for the assumption that business is always poor in years of national political contests. In some years it has been poor, in others it has been good, and in still others it has been mixed. In any event the election has been only a minor factor in determining the course of business.

In 1920, for example, business was active and security prices were high early in the year, and the reversal which came later was part of the world-wide depression. In 1916 conditions were good because the war-boom was then under way. In 1908, on the other hand, business was still suffering the after-effects of the panic of 1907. The extreme variations in these years fail to substantiate the prevailing impression that Presidential elections have a uniformly bad economic effect. This is an important thing to bear in mind in considering the business outlook for 1924.

As a writer, Martin L. Davey, observes, in *The Nation's Business*, the country is now in a condition that is substantially normal, on the whole; and should continue so "unless a majority of us get the foolish notion that business is bound to be bad in a Presidential year. . . . It might happen that the business cycle would bring a period



BUSINESS BAROMETERS IN RECENT ELECTION YEARS

of depression in a Presidential year on account of basic economic causes; but if it did occur it would just happen to

come then and not because there was any real reason for it in the fact that a President was to be elected."

## GOVERNMENT-OWNED RAILWAYS FOR SALE

**P**UBLISHED reports that certain European countries are considering the advisability of selling their government-owned railways, with a view to utilizing the proceeds for other purposes, lend interest to a compilation, by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, of the railway mileage of the world and the share owned by the various governments. The total length of railways in operation, according to the latest figures of accepted authorities, now approximates 750,000 miles, as compared with 700,000 miles in 1913, 500,000 in 1900, 400,000 in 1890, 250,000 in 1880 and 25,000 in 1850.

The share owned by governments was in 1923 about 35 per cent., against approximately 33 per cent. in 1913; 28 per cent. in 1906, and 24 per cent. in 1896. Governmental ownership, however, differs widely in the various countries and continents. In Europe as a whole about 50 per cent. of the railroads are governmentally owned, in

South America approximately 33 per cent., in Africa 50 per cent., in Asia 70 per cent., in Australasia 90 per cent. and in North America exclusive of the United States about 49 per cent. In the United States and Great Britain, as is well known, governmental ownership of railways does not exist, and this is true also of Spain.

On the other hand, in Poland all railways are owned by the government, in Germany about 92 per cent., Italy approximately 73 per cent., Belgium 59 per cent. and in France about 22 per cent. Outside of Europe conditions also differ widely. In India, including the native states, the share owned or controlled by the government is about 85 per cent., Japan 67 per cent., Canada approximately 50 per cent., British South Africa 82 per cent., and British Australasia 98 per cent. The growth of the world's railways since the beginning of the war is, according to authorities in railway matters, approximately 50,000 miles.



© Wide World

### ELECTRICITY IS THE VICTOR OVER STEAM

In the background is shown a powerful electric locomotive, built at the General Electric Works at Erie, Penn., coupled to a new-system steam locomotive (in the foreground) of the same weight. Power was applied to both simultaneously, the result being that the electric engine slowly but surely pulled the steam engine backwards.



THE columnists of whom we think most readily are those of New York City. But all the way from New York to California, and from Maine to Florida, journalists are keeping the fire of wit and wisdom burning. Some of these—such as the “Bentz-town Bard,” of the *Baltimore Sun*, and Frank L. Stanton, of the *Atlanta Constitution*—are almost national institutions.

Mr. Stanton is perhaps the most old-fashioned of them all. He specializes in sentiment (verging on sentimentality); in negro dialect; in verse that comes “from the heart”; in bucolic anecdote. The sort of thing he likes to quote is this:

“A farmer purchased a stick of dynamite for the purpose of blowing a stump. He laid the dynamite by the barn and went inside to put his team away. A pig found the dynamite, swallowed it, and walked into a stall where a span of mules were tied. One of the mules kicked the pig and the jar set off the dynamite. The explosion blinded the farmer, killed one mule, tore the harness off the other, blew the end out of the barn and almost killed the pig.”

Ted Robinson, the “philosopher of folly” of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*,

“Riq,” of the *Chicago Post*, and Keith Preston, of the *Chicago News*, are distinctly more sophisticated. Here is one of Mr. Robinson’s gibes:

#### HE WARNS US

Galvin the Dentist, advertising in the Palace Theater program, Ashtabula, says, very frankly:

“Though rough, Efficient and Painless.”

Bub sends it in, charitably suggesting that the printer changed the first two words from “Thorough.”

Here is Riq’s account of how the revolving door was invented:

“A downtown bandit, pursued by the law, was caught only when he tried, ineffectively, to go through a revolving door. It is not generally known that the discovery of the whirling exit came about under the influence of liquor.

“The revolving door was invented in 1803, when Elder Eliphalet Goodspeed (after a prolonged Thanksgiving dinner) attempted to walk through the closed plate-glass door of his Colonial mansion. ‘Anyway,’ said the Elder to his good wife, ‘it *should* go ‘round.’ Goodspeed sold the idea, later, to a New York department store, for ten dollars and a sealskin coat.”

And here is a group of the witticisms of Keith Preston:



—Goldberg in N. Y. *Evening Mail*.



## ROUND THE TOWN

My friend the librarian tells me of a request for a book, "Dirty Relations," which, after inquiry, turns out to be "Kindred of the Dust."

## A BUDDING SOPHISTICATE

Dear Preston: The first faint tinges of conceit may be observed in the remark of an 18-year-old lad who is possessed of literary aspirations. He was bemoaning his lack of worldliness and wisdom. "But, then," he concluded, "I don't know how the other half of the world lives."

PERCIVAL TEWKESBURY III.

## KISSING GOES BY FLAVOR

("Flavored lipsticks," says the New York Herald, "will shortly be placed on the market.")

My Julia's lips were ruby tinted,  
But—heaven help us!—pepperminted!  
She might have known! She should have seen  
I'll only wed with wintergreen!

There are more hits and fewer misses, it seems to us, in the editorial half-column which Editor S. F. Horn contributes to the Nashville *Southern Lumberman*, than there are in the full-column departments run by more pretentious contemporaries. Mr. Horn is just as adroit in exposing the comic sides of political and international questions as he is in making fun of personal foibles and the comic situations of every-day life. We append a few samples of his quality:

The continuous rambling of the Prince of Wales might justify one in saying that



JONAH IN THE "LEVIATHAN"  
THE PASSENGER (in the floating-palace liner):  
"Excuse me, steward, but could you tell me the way to the sea?"

—Watts in London Sketch.

King George has a land on which the son never settles down.

A Senator says that the Senate must give sound aid to the farmer. Lately, however, the farmer has been getting from the Senate more sound than aid.

Prof. Einstein has gone to Moscow to study Russian conditions. Figuring out the situation in Russia, however, is not going to be any such simple matter as evolving the theory of relativity.

Greece seems to cut about the same figure in international affairs as Jess Willard does in pugilism.

Our bachelor friend suggests that the proposal to require a sanity test of men before marriage is merely a thinly disguised plan to stop marriages.

Sleeping berths for airplanes are now being perfected, and, despite the difficulties, we believe that man's inventive genius will succeed in making them as hot, stuffy and uncomfortable as the Pullman cars.

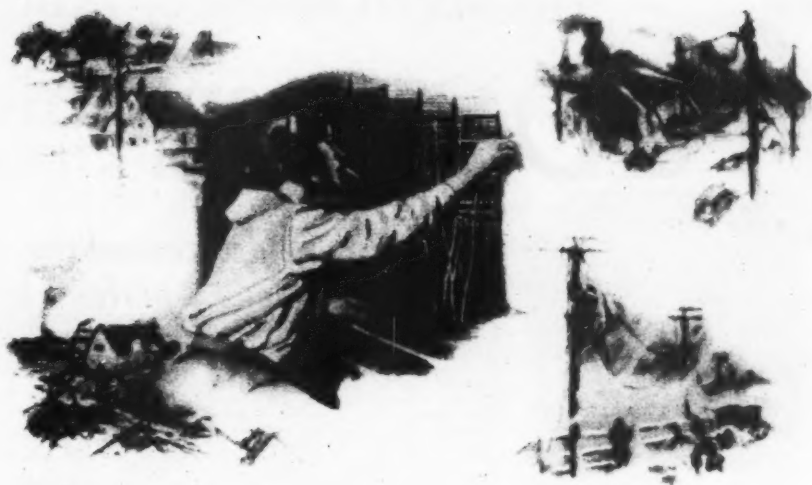
A critic says that the church has been too thoroughly feminized. One thing that remains masculine, however, is the hymns.

A government official suggests that Congress appropriate \$1,000,000 to buy Mammoth Cave. It wouldn't be the first time Congress threw a million dollars into a hole in the ground.

Three New Orleans newspaper men, after being inoculated with scopolamin, found it impossible not to tell the truth, thereby incapacitating themselves for their business.

Mr. Edward Bok ought to arrange to use Mexico as a laboratory to experiment with his world-peace plan.





## Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES  
BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

# THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

## Tycos Temperature Control



### The SIX SENSES

Seeing  
Feeling  
Hearing  
Smelling  
Tasting  
and  
Tycos  
Temperature  
Control

*If odor alone determined the quality of Milady's perfume!*

THE poet who sang so sweetly of "the delicate odor of mignonette" as reminding him of his sweetheart never dreamed that, in modern times, most perfumes would be derived, not directly from flowers, but from the chemical treatment and blending of natural or artificial odorous substances. Thus, the scent of lilacs is produced from oil of turpentine; and the preparation of a substance called "ionone" yields the odor of fresh woodland violets! The story of the creation of every scented article—from toilet soaps and powders to the delicate suggestion of perfume in feminine notepaper—is a romance of chemistry in which temperature control plays a vital part. One of the most important things that must be determined in regard to the essential oils that are the basis of many perfumes is the boiling point. Also, at each different temperature in their distillation, a different product results from the same process. If sense of smell alone guided the perfume-makers, the result might not please

Milady's critical taste when the finished product was reached! But to the senses of sight and smell are added that "sixth sense"—Temperature Control—supplied by the accuracy of Tycos Pyrometers and other Tycos Indicating, Controlling and Recording Instruments. For the most delicate odors, extracts and essences, the most delicate control in distillation becomes possible—the truest knowledge of the exact state of each ingredient—thanks to the exactitude of the information given by Tycos Instruments. It makes no difference what the product treated or the result desired.

Are your problems chemical? Do they involve the indication and control of heat to the last part of a degree? If so, there is a type and style of Instrument in the Tycos Line, embracing as it does over 8,000 varieties.

Write us and literature on any instrument will be sent promptly and our experts will advise you in its application to your processes.

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**Tycos Wall Thermometers**  
To help you maintain a temperature in your house conducive to good health.

**Tycos Quality Compasses**  
To show you the right way in unfamiliar country.

**Tycos Fever Thermometers**  
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Forecasts the weather twenty-four hours ahead with dependable accuracy.

**Tycos Hygrometer**  
To enable you to keep the humidity of the atmosphere in your home correct at all times.

**Tycos Office Thermometers**  
An aid in promoting human efficiency.

**Tycos Bath Thermometers**  
To enable you to get the most good from your bath.

**Tycos Home Set**  
Bake Oven Thermometer, Candy Thermometer, Sugar Meter. The secret of accurate results in cooking.

Your dealer will show them to you. Ask us, on a postal, for booklets on any of the above.

### Tycos and the MEDICAL profession

**Tycos Sphygmomanometer**, Pocket and Office type.

**Tycos Urinalysis Glassware.**

**Tycos Fever Thermometers.**

Bulletins on Request.

### Taylor Instrument Companies

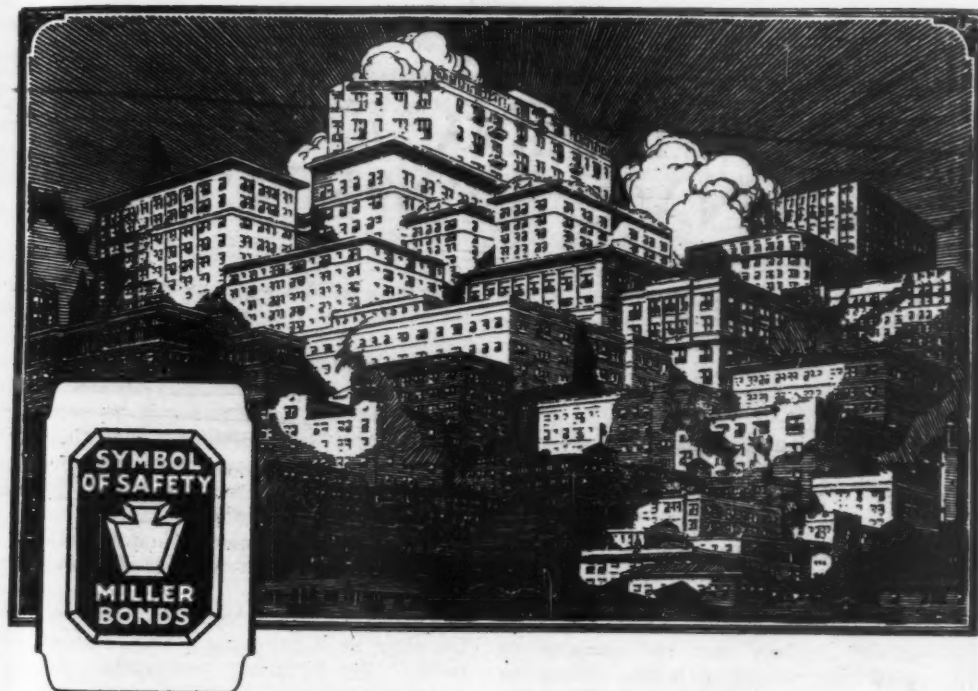
Main office and Factory

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Canadian Plant—Tycos Building, Toronto, Canada

# Tycos Temperature Instruments

INDICATING · RECORDING · CONTROLLING



## How Strong Is Your Investment Banker?

**T**HE forty-five buildings financed by Miller First Mortgage Bonds, which are being erected in Southern cities at the present moment, furnish the answer to a question which every investor should ask: "How big—how reliable—how well established is the House that creates these securities?"

No small firm—no firm lacking a long and good record—could finance forty-five structures at one time in one section of the country. These structures, in the aggregate, are more than four times the size of the Equitable Building, New York—the largest office building in the world.

They have an appraised value of \$25,000,000.

Fundamentally, the safety of every first mortgage real estate bond you buy depends upon the integrity, reputation and financial strength of the investment banker with whom you deal. No investor has ever lost a dollar in Miller bonds.

We have portions of a few of these forty-five bond issues on hand, ready for immediate delivery—also a few bonds on structures now completed and in operation. They offer the prevailing Southern rate of 7%. Mail the coupon today for descriptive circulars and for folder, "Why the South Offers Investment Opportunities."

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INCORPORATED

2102 Carbide and Carbon Building  
30 East 42nd Street, New York

Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis Buffalo  
Atlanta Memphis Knoxville

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, INC.

2102 Carbide and Carbon Building,  
30 East 42nd Street, New York.

Please send me, without obligation, folder "Why the South Offers Investment Opportunities," and circulars describing Miller First Mortgage Bond issues paying 7%.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**B**EFORE discussing a great—and comparatively new—field of investment, let us recite a few important facts:

The first electric street car was built in 1888;

The use of electricity as power to run motors in industrial plants was begun subsequent to 1900;

Approximately \$17,000,000,000 is invested in more than 10,000 public utility companies of the United States.

The explanation of so vast a growth as this in less than two generations speaks of something beside enterprise directed at money making. It records the development of a great industry which has become part of the warp and woof of daily living. In other words, since services founded on the use of electricity began to supplement earlier services derived from gas and water, the urban, and considerable rural, population has come to depend upon the public utilities for essentials of production, of comfort and convenience. Day and night the requirements of consumers must be supplied.

Great as the investment in public utility securities is, the use of capital to generate and distribute electricity seems still to be in a preliminary stage. It is evident to everyone who follows the news closely that extraordinary events are in the making.

We have read lately of "super-power" plans which would locate gigantic power stations in the coal fields, eliminating the cost of transporting fuel to scattered plants and forecasting the transmission of high-tension energy all along the Atlantic seaboard. We have read of the Colorado River power program which engineers estimate will produce

9,000,000 horsepower and supply the electrical needs of seven Far Western States.

These developments are of the future, and because of the rapid advancement of science, they may prove to be even more wonderful in fulfillment than they appear now on paper. The investor, however, has much to interest him in current, going projects, exemplified in power and light companies and consolidated corporations of diversified utility services.

Among power and light organizations the class most prominent, and of most recent development, comprises the hydro-electric companies. Now, the use of water as a source of power probably dates back to the earliest application of natural forces to man's purposes. When first devoted to the generation of electricity, the ancient principles of the flanged wheel and running water were found to be feasible as far as production was concerned. But another factor retarded progress for a long time. That was the problem of transmission. Electricity generated by water-driven plants could be used only in a limited area, and as the most useful streams were located, for the greater part, in mountainous sections, remote from large cities, the most profitable markets could not be reached.

The situation is much different now. There are hydro-electric companies in California which "shoot" electric energy 250 miles from stations in the remote Sierras to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The range is increasing. More than that, the problem of steady production has so far been solved that important units of certain large Western companies operate automatically. The  
(Continued on page 238)





## How a New York Bank Can Serve You

**SUPPLEMENTING** local banking connections, a New York bank with the facilities possessed by this Company affords a wide range of valuable services to business houses throughout the country.

Many manufacturers and merchants maintain New York checking accounts with us, enabling them to make settlements direct with New York funds. Interest is paid on balances.

We make commercial loans on both credit and collateral,

and issue letters of credit for export and import financing, in harmony with sound banking practice.

In collecting bill-of-lading drafts drawn on New York and vicinity we render an exceptional service, frequently saving the shipper time and money.

We hold securities in safe-keeping, available at all times for sale or delivery upon written or telegraphic instructions. This service includes prompt collection of bond interest, and other important features.

*Our 100-page booklet, "Guaranty Service," will be sent to executives on request.*

## Guaranty Trust Company of New York

MAIN OFFICE: 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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## Oldest First Mortgage Banking House

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company is under the same ownership as Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company which was founded in 1865. Thus holders of Greenebaum Bonds enjoy the advantage of dealing with the Oldest First Mortgage Banking House.

Combined Resources over  
\$35,000,000.

## Mortgage Bond Buyers!

**S**END for a complimentary copy of Investment Record. It is a flexible pocket-size, loose-leaf book that makes it easy for owners of First Mortgage Bonds to keep a record of their holdings. We shall mail it upon request. The preparation of this book is a small part of the service rendered to investors all over America by the Oldest First Mortgage Banking House.

## 69 Years' Proven Safety

Whether you have \$100, \$500, \$1,000 or more to invest, 100% protection and a liberal interest return may be yours. For more than two-thirds of a century every Greenebaum Safe-guarded Bond, principal and interest, has been promptly paid to investors.

### Send for Investment Record

Mail the coupon below for flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf book and list of current Greenebaum offerings. Send today. No obligation, incurred, of course.

## Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

Chicago—St. Louis—Milwaukee—Philadelphia  
CORRESPONDENT OFFICES IN 300 CITIES

### Mail This Coupon



A **BOOK**  
OF YOUR  
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obligation flexible, loose-leaf  
Record Book and current list of  
Greenebaum offerings.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

*Greenebaum Bonds—100% Safe Since 1855*

(Continued from page 236)

only attention they need after being installed is the periodic visit of a man to oil the machinery.

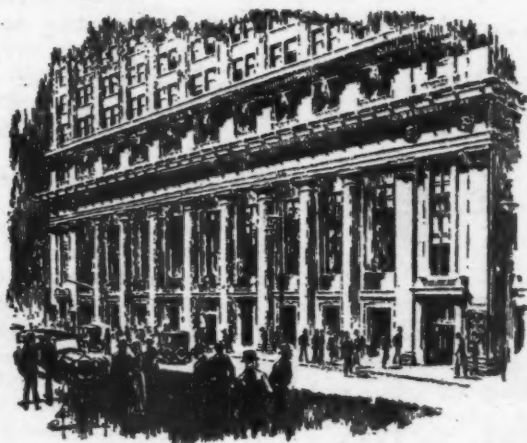
Reference to automatic plants brings us to the matter of operating costs of hydro-electric corporations, which is an important item from the investment standpoint. The original outlay, covering dam, sluices, power house, water rights, transmission lines, etc., is much greater than the expense of erecting a plant run by steam. The cost of running a hydro-electric power house is, however, much less on the average than a steam plant of equal capacity. Less labor is required—a huge plant in California is operated by six men—and there are no fuel bills.

Because the initial expense is heavy, the sponsors of every new company and the managers of an old one need to make as certain as is humanly possible that market conditions are sound, permanent and inclined to become sounder as time passes. It is around this point that some speculative features of power and light investments are likely to appear.

The writer knows of one very prominent banking firm, a leader in hydro-electric financing, which never entertains a proposal to furnish capital for a brand new project. While this house has assisted in the construction of a dozen hydro-electric concerns, with not a failure among them, it has always used an existing public utility corporation, with established markets, as the corner stone of each enterprise. This practice has been followed because the existing companies not only possessed 'good credit as the basis of expansion, but also a solid groundwork for distributing the product, electricity, before the water plant turned a wheel.

The investor attracted to hydro-electric securities may well take a leaf from this banking firm's book. As a class, the bonds of hydro-electric companies are excellent in respect to security and a liberal return. The companies issue detailed statements of earnings and assets over a period of years, and from them the investor can usually obtain

(Continued on page 240)



## Where to deposit surplus funds

In Chicago, the Continental and Commercial group of banks is the logical depository for unemployed funds of individuals, firms, corporations, societies, associations, governments and banking institutions.

Here in Chicago, this great commercial and financial center, we are in close touch with the money markets of the whole country.

Security and income are afforded for temporarily idle money and we are able to give valuable advice and assistance to depositors when they wish to make permanent investment of their deposits.

There is variation in sectional and seasonal demand for and supply of money. But the broad reach of these banks makes possible the advantageous placing of funds at *all* seasons.

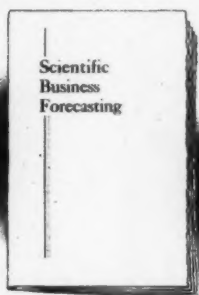
Our direct connections with 7,500 banks help to make our service nation-wide, in fact world-wide.

*"An Extra Measure of Service"*

**The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL  
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*Resources more than \$500,000,000*



*This booklet will be sent without charge*

## For men who look ahead

Many men whose success in business you respect are using the Harvard Economic service in making their plans for the future.

Would you not like to know the nature of this service and then judge whether such forecasts would be helpful to you?

Write us on your letterhead and we shall be glad to send you, without charge or obligation, our descriptive booklet, "Scientific Business Forecasting," and samples of recent weekly bulletins.

## HARVARD ECONOMIC SERVICE

Harvard University, 13 Abbot Building  
Cambridge, Mass.

*(Continued from page 238)*

the information needed to determine whether bonds are desirable or not. The figures should be examined carefully and the concerns giving clear evidence of profitable operation for a number of years should always be accorded preferential treatment.

There are several reasons why hydro-electric company bonds, as a whole, are good investments. Together with all other utility issues (in all States except one), they are supervised by State utility or public service commissions. These commissions have to be satisfied that a genuine capital requirement lies behind every new issue. That is, the commissions have to be convinced that an essential demand requires the raising of new money. It is difficult, therefore, for a company to overstrain its credit.

Again, State laws applying to public utilities aim at the rendering of service as close to cost as possible, with due allowance for a reasonable profit on the investment and a balance for adequate upkeep. Hence, rates are adjusted so as to provide a stable profit from which interest is to be paid—and a stable profit is something to be desired by investors in any kind of securities.

The writer is of the opinion that one requirement should be rigidly adhered to by the investor in public utility bonds. *He should buy the obligations of those companies only which have earned for at least five years a minimum of 1½ times their interest charges on mortgaged debt after providing for sinking funds and other mandatory reserves.*

Not a few conservative banking firms decline to finance companies which cannot present such a record. One great investment house, which buys millions of utility issues yearly, never touches a bond issue unless interest has been earned at least twice for several years. The average public utility concern is prevented by low rates for its services from accumulating much of a surplus. The owner of its funded securities, therefore, is entitled to a reasonable margin of earnings over the bare amount needed for debt service in case

*(Continued on page 242)*

# Who Helps You Select Safe Investments?



**M**OST investors do not find time to search out all the important information concerning a bond issue needed to judge its quality as an investment. They should learn and apply certain fundamental tests of safety; but when all is said and done, the average person's success in investment depends a great deal upon the character of the bond house with which he deals. The rules for selecting a competent house and the many services it is equipped to perform for you are fully explained in the book "What Your Investment Banker Does for You," sent on request.

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you a complimentary copy of this book.

## Caldwell & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Dealers in Southern Municipal and First Mortgage Bonds

811 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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## \$1,430 a Year From Savings of \$10 a Month in the Nation's Capital

**S**TART as a young man or woman to invest \$10 a month at 6½% or 7%, reinvest the income regularly at the same rate, and between the vigorous age of 25 and the retirement age of 65 you will have accumulated more than \$22,000.

At 6½% this will pay you an income of \$1,430 a year without your investing another dollar.

To create this income of \$1,430 a year you will need to save only \$4,800. Compound interest will make up the difference between \$4,800 and \$22,060.64—nearly four times as much interest as principal.

Mail the coupon below for our free booklet telling about the safe and simple plan which makes possible this surprising accumulation on First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital.

### The F. H. SMITH CO.

*Founded 1873*

**FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS  
SMITH BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Please send me your Booklet No. 18L

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from page 240)

a year of poor earnings should come along.

Hydro-electric bonds are enjoying something of a vogue just now and for that reason, among others, the investor cannot absorb too many facts about a company before he lends money to it. In California, where the absence of coal has stimulated water-power development tremendously, earnings of leading concerns have increased with hardly a set-back for ten, fifteen and twenty years.

A deal of romance is included in the background of some of the companies out there. The first power house of one of them was erected directly because of a change in the laws affecting gold mining. A mining company drilled a two-mile tunnel through solid rock to bring water for hydraulic operations, and a statute stopped hydraulic mining before the tunnel could be used. It was abandoned; years later progressive "native sons" acquired it with rights to

(Concluded on page 246)

### *Profitable Investment* **OPPORTUNITIES**

**C**ONVENIENTLY grouped in twenty sections of the Middlewest, West and South, operated public utilities of

#### **Standard Gas and Electric Company**

are linked directly with the growth and prosperity of over 750 cities and towns.

In this strong organization you will find opportunities for profitable investment.

Send for descriptive booklet DO 221

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206 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO  
NEW YORK BOSTON  
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## STABILIZED INVESTMENTS

# Protected for Many Years

**When an investor buys a First Mortgage bond through us, he knows:**

- (1) That he is investing his funds through an old firmly established and responsible house.
- (2) That our senior officers who negotiate all our offerings, have had experience in Real Estate dealings, building and mortgage negotiations for nearly half a century.
- (3) That our junior officers have an experience of ten, fifteen and twenty years in this specialized investment field.
- (4) That the American Bond and Mortgage Company has been in successful operation for over two decades.
- (5) That the safeguards developed through this wide and successful experience are brought to bear on every bond we offer, and that the bond is protected firmly and persistently right up to the date of maturity by our time-tested Formula of Safety.

**For over twenty years every dollar that has become due on the First Mortgage Building Bonds sold by this company has been paid to investors.**

**Now is the time to invest your funds when it is possible to get such thoroughly protected First Mortgage security and an interest yield of 6½%.**

*Write us today; ask for Booklet C-130*

## AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

INCORPORATED

127 North Dearborn St.  
CHICAGO

345 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK

**Capital and Surplus over \$4,000,000**

*Detroit, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia and over 20 other cities*

AN OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE

## To investors:

At least one New York newspaper has recently printed a communication asking for information about an investment book called "THE VERDICT OF THIRTY BANKERS."

This book was published by the Columbia Mortgage Company some time ago and is now being distributed to investors gratis, on request. It contains the results of a nation-wide investigation of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. It contains also some unusual letters from owners of Columbia Bonds, as well as a chart for the scientific handling of incomes.

Regardless of the size of your investments, you should have a copy of this valuable and interesting book. Just mail the coupon below.



### COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY

Columbia Mortgage Company Building  
4 EAST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

----- For Mailing -----

COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY  
4 East 43rd St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send a free copy of your new book "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers."

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## Big Banks Buy These Bonds

Backed by farm lands that never have had a failure, our bonds and mortgages offer sound investment at yields which attract conservative bankers. Let us send you booklet "Idaho Mortgages" which gives you the facts you need on our 7 and 7½% securities.

**8 Per Cent City Bonds**

**Edgerton-Fabrick Company**  
Dept. 9-H Pocatello, Idaho

## Investment and Financial Booklets

CURRENT OPINION'S Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following investment and financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

- ☐ How Fast Money Accumulates at 7%—  
Adair Realty & Trust Co.
- ☐ The Making of a Modern Bank—  
Continental and Commercial Banks
- ☐ Scientific Business Forecasting—  
Harvard Economic Service
- ☐ Investor's Guide to Bank Safeguarded Bonds—  
Greenebaum Sons Investment Company
- ☐ How to Increase Your Income by Scientific  
Investing—  
Brookmire Economic Service
- ☐ How to Build an Independent Income—  
The F. H. Smith Co.
- ☐ Forty-One Years Without Loss to Any  
Investor—  
S. W. Straus & Co.
- ☐ Formula of Safety—  
American Bond & Mortgage Co.
- ☐ Steady Business Profits—  
Babson Statistical Organization.
- ☐ How to Make Your Money Make More  
Money—  
American Institute of Finance
- ☐ Monthly Investment Plan—  
H. M. Byllesby & Co.
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Caldwell & Company
- ☐ Behind the Scenes, Where Bonds Are Made—  
Cochran & McCluer Co.
- ☐ A Mortgage on New York—  
Columbia Mortgage Co.
- ☐ How to Select Safe Bonds—  
George M. Forman & Co.
- ☐ Investment Recommendations—  
Guaranty Company of New York
- ☐ Creating Good Investments—  
G. L. Miller & Co.
- ☐ Idaho Mortgages—  
Edgerton-Fabrick Co.
- ☐ How Other People Get Ahead—  
U. S. Treasury Department.

INVESTMENT & FINANCE DEPT.

CURRENT OPINION

50 West 47th St., New York.

Please have sent, free of charge, the booklets checked above.

Name .....

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(Please write plainly)

2-24

# 43 Years 100% Safe



## This Free Lamp

to Commemorate Our 43rd Anniversary

OUR 43rd Anniversary (founded 1881) and the new year finds Cochran & McCluer both older and younger—older because it has added another year to its investment experience—younger because during the past year it has greatly enlarged its circle of investors and friends and at the same time developed its organization and facilities so that never before was it better able to serve their needs.

The care and exactness with which every one of its offerings of 7% First Mortgage Bonds is scrutinized is manifested in two outstanding facts—no customer of Cochran & McCluer has ever lost a penny—no Cochran & McCluer bond issue has ever been foreclosed.

### The Multi-Lite Electric Gift Lamp

It is because we wish to commemorate our 43rd anniversary and because we appreciate the fact that our clients come to us direct unsolicited by salesmen that, for a limited time, we will give to each investor who purchases a first mortgage bond either for cash or on the payment plan, a beautiful Multi-Lite Electric Lamp. This lamp gives any degree of light from a faint glow to full intensity by the operation of an inconspicuous switch, a feature found in no other lamp.

**FREE** without obligation. Write for full particulars of our Gift Lamp offer and list of 7% choice 1st mortgage real estate gold bond issues on Chicago residential property. Maturities 2 to 10 years—denominations \$100, \$500, \$1,000 on cash or payment plan. No salesman will call.

**7%**  
Certified  
FIRST MORTGAGE  
GOLD BONDS

# Cochran & McCluer Co.

46 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

# 3 REASONS Why 10,000 Investors Buy FORMAN BONDS

**1** The unsurpassed reputation of George M. Forman and Company for integrity, honor and judgment—39 years without loss to any customer—insuring to the investor the highest standard of safety.

**2** The Forman "Eight Tests of an Investment" which have reduced investing from the blindness of a gamble to the accuracy of a pure science.

**3** The bringing to the smaller investor of the finest and best investments, formerly available only to insurance companies and other large investors.

No wonder that thousands of investors prefer Forman Bonds—no wonder that this house has been entrusted by its clients with the investing of millions of dollars during the last 39 years!

## Important Investment Book FREE

For your convenience we have embodied in a book the fundamental investment knowledge which we have acquired in our 39 years of conservative business practice. This book is called, "How to Select Safe Bonds." It shows you how to select the investment best suited to your needs, how to safeguard your funds against loss or mismanagement.

## Mail This Request Blank

This book is now free to every investor. Mail this request blank for your copy. We will also send you a copy of our booklet, "Eight Ways to Test the Safety of Every Investment." No obligation.

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105 W. MONROE ST. CHICAGO  
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO.  
Dept. 12, 105 W. Monroe St.  
Chicago, Illinois

Please mail me, without obligation, a copy of your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds," also "Eight Ways to Test the Safety of Every Investment."

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City ..... State .....



## "Five Years from now I will have \$10,000<sup>00</sup>"

**H**OW much will I have to invest each month in Adair Protected Bonds to have \$5,000 in five years?" a customer asked us not long ago. He was surprised at the small amount we named. "Why, I can put aside more than that," he said; "five years from now I will have \$10,000.00."

Few people realize how rapidly dollars increase when safely invested at 7% interest.

How much do you want to be worth five years from now—\$5,000? \$10,000? \$20,000? Set your goal now—we will tell you exactly what you must set aside each month.

Remember that through our improved monthly investment plan you receive 7% interest while you save—each payment earns 7% from the day we receive it. You may start with as little as \$10.00 or any multiple thereof.

Adair Protected Bonds, secured by first mortgages upon the highest type of income-producing properties in Southern cities, are created and safeguarded by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, with a record of 58 years without loss to a single investor.

Write today for detailed information about Adair Protected Bonds and our Monthly Investment Plan. Use the coupon below.

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700 Healey Building, Atlanta.  
Established 1865

## ADAIR PROTECTED First Mortgage BONDS on Real Estate

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO.,  
700 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation the story of "How Fast Money Accumulates at 7%."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

(Continued from page 242)

the river, and the power house was built to use water brought through the shaft.

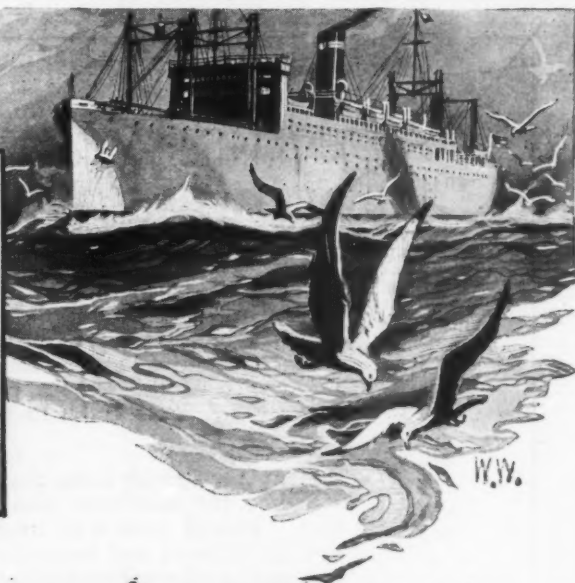
In almost inaccessible parts of the Sierras new construction work is going on all the time. Millions of dollars are being spent to create power and still more power. Because of the heavy installation costs, the bond buyer should be completely assured of the continued usefulness of the company he lends money to, and of the wisdom of the management.

Because so much is being said and printed about hydro-electric development, the bond buyer should not get the impression that water power is the only profitable source of electricity, either at present or for the future. Steam plants are still the backbone of the industry and are likely to remain so unless a "super-power" project revolutionizes the delivery of electric current throughout great sections of the country. As a matter of fact, the steam boiler, heated by coal, is the pivot of super-power plants with exception of the St. Lawrence River development which has long continued in a tentative state.

The ideal power and light company is one which effectively unites steam and water production. Running water is not available everywhere; in fact, most of the tremendous expanse of mid-continent territory is bereft of streams of sufficient "head" to be utilized.

In selecting power and light investments the bond buyer will be well advised to mix with carefully selected hydro-electric securities others of companies possessing both steam and water facilities. By so doing he will be certain of acquiring diversification not only in the securities themselves, but also in the geographic distribution of his funds. And when all is said and done, wide diversification is the acme of investment.

(END)



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East Aurora, New York



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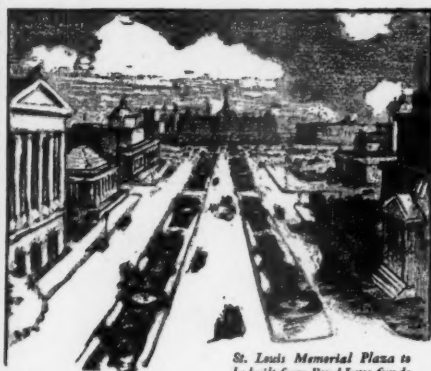
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Industrial extensions costing \$35,000,000 have been planned.

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This goal was not reached by sitting down and talking it over. The spirit of aggressiveness which is pushing St. Louis forward inspired the people to get to work with collective sincerity. They went to the polls and rolled up an overwhelming majority for bonds to start building a greater St. Louis.

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The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse.



Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

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How the savages sacrificed a sacred pig to Captain Hurley's seaplane, how he soared through perilous storms over unmapped jungles, how he explored unknown reaches of a mysterious lake in central New Guinea and discovered new tribes of cannibal head-hunters, how he escaped the ambush they had prepared for him—these are but a few in-

THE primitive natives dropped their work, the children left their play, the prisoners broke loose from the jail, and all rushed helter-skelter, yelling madly, to the shore to see this white man's miracle, when Captain Frank Hurley rose in his seaplane over the strange New Guinea village where he began the most fascinating exploration trip of recent years.

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For February

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Manager, Criminal Department of the Burns International Detective Agency

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## The Aerial Fugitive

By Major "Tom" Vigors

Further disclosures of real life adventures in aerial secret service work during the World War.

## The Mystery at Meyerling

By Joseph Szebenyei

Secret documents just unearthed from the Hapsburg Archives reveal at last the truth

about the romantic love affair between Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Baroness Mary Vetsera, culminating in the historic tragedy in the Meyerling lodge.

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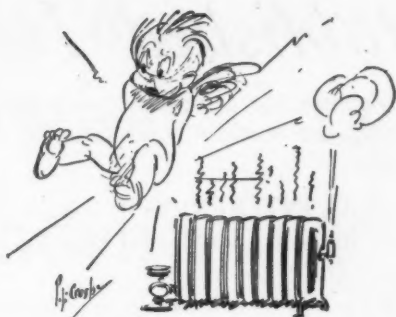
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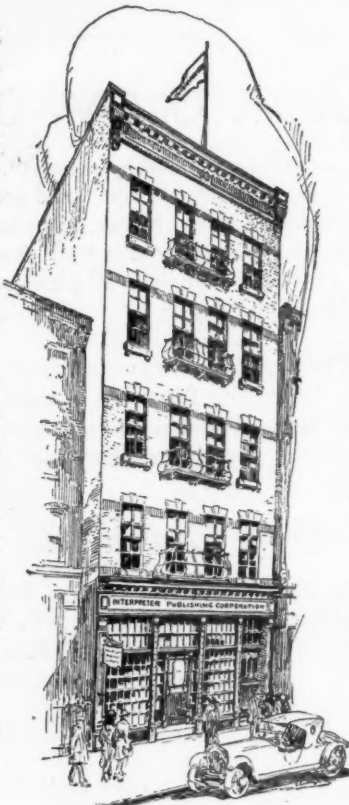
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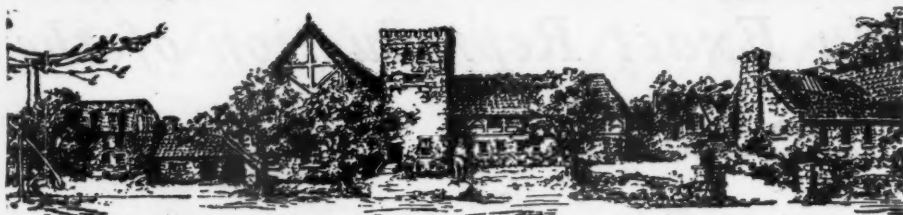
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## The Roycrofters' Memorial to Elbert Hubbard

**F**OLLOWING Hubbard's tragic death on the "Lusitania" in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that the Philistine Magazine would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine." Besides, who was to take up his pen? It was also a beautiful tribute to the father from the son.

The same spirit of devotion has prompted the Roycrofters to issue their memorial edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great." In no other way could they so fittingly perpetuate the memory of the founder of their institution as to liberate the influence that was such an important factor in his career.

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Fourteen years were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, without a break, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

These little gems have been accepted as classics and will live. In all there are one hundred and eighty-two "Little Journeys" that take us to the homes of the men and women who transformed the thought of their time, changed the course of empire and marked the destiny of civilization. Through him, the ideas, the deeds, the achievements of these immortals have been given to the living present and will be sent echoing down the centuries.

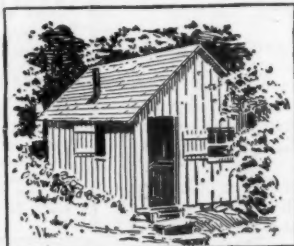
As a writer Elbert Hubbard stands in the front rank of

the Immortals. One of the ablest writers in America, Ed Howe, called him "the brightest man in the writing game."

Few business men have left institutions that reflect as much credit upon their founder, and yet the Roycroft Shops were launched primarily to demonstrate his philosophy that "Art is merely the expression of a man's joy in his work."

No public speaker who gave the platform his whole time appeared before as many audiences in the course of a year as this business man and writer.

Where did Elbert Hubbard find the inspiration for carrying on his great work? It is no secret at East Aurora. It was derived from his own little pilgrimages to the haunts of the Great.



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## AN OUTSIDER'S ADVICE TO THE CHURCHES

By DR. FRANK CRANE

**A** CONTROVERSY has broken out in the three big churches: Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopalian. It is between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists.

The Modernists have certain positive views upon the origin and authority of the great Founder of Christianity. And the Fundamentalists have views on the same subject quite as positive.

That is their point of difference, and about it the outsiders have, of course, nothing to say. This is a free country and every man has a right to his opinions.

But both the men who are earnest champions of Fundamentalism and their opponents have many more points upon which they agree than points upon which they differ.

Both parties are really trying to do good to their fellow men, they are earnestly combating evil and the conditions that produce evil. They are trying to make this world a more decent place to live in.

They are doing their best, according to their lights, to induce their fellow men to adopt that high standard of living announced by their Master.

They are fighting on the side of the angels.

They are comrades in the war against sensualism, greed, hypocrisy, fraud and every other force that makes for human degeneration and perversion.

All that the outsider has to say is that *as comrades* they constitute the chief asset of our civilization.

And when they fall out and begin to call each other names the Philistines rejoice. And there is chortling among the scorners.

As we see it, both sides would do all in their power to extend the influence and teachings of that gentle yet majestic Personage whose story has transformed the world.

Why quarrel over His credentials or His authority so long as women still wash His feet with their tears and wipe them with the hairs of their head?

Why contend over His titles or origin while the wicked still sob out their confession at His knee?

Why waste one moment over the niceties of theology while the widow and orphan stand about the grave and find comfort in the repetition of His amazing words, "I am the resurrection and the Life?"

The greatest religious Teacher of the world is among us to-day; who cares what part of the woods He came from?

Are not, after all, both Fundamentalists and Modernists disputing over what neither of them know anything about, a strange Figure who is the Mystery of Time?

If an outsider may quote Scripture to the Pulpit, is He not, as the great Apostle called Him, "an High Priest forever, after the order of Melchisedek, who was *without father, without mother, without descent*, having neither beginning of days nor end of life"?